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RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.  
ST. PAUL'S VIEW OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY J. H. MORISON.

WHATEVER view we may take of the inspiration of the apostles, we are not to suppose that they knew everything. They had not the gift of Omniscience. Because the great fact of the resurrection of the dead was revealed to them, it does not follow that they were acquainted with all the details connected with it. St. John expressly says, "It doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2). Paul expresses substantially the same thought when, at the close of his exceedingly beautiful description of the charity which with faith and hope shall live when all other gifts have passed away, he says, "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known." This distinct avowal of his own limited and imperfect knowledge of the details connected with our future being, we must bear

in mind while we are endeavoring to learn what his views were.

Having in his mind, beyond all question, the great central fact of the resurrection to eternal life, he brought all the powers of his subtle and far-reaching thought to bear upon it. He endeavored to follow the soul on, through the changes wrought by death, into the eternal life, and to form some conception of what the change is, in adapting the organization which we now have to the conditions and requirements of our future being. He gives us his reasonings and the conceptions to which he was led by them. Very grand and wonderful they are,—beyond anything that we find in Plato, the greatest of all the ancient philosophers, in his reasoning and his conclusions on this subject. But he gives us no grounds for supposing that he was gifted with such an insight into them as to place him beyond the possibility of mistake. Still less are we to suppose that in the images by which he has set forth and illustrated his subject, he meant to be understood as speaking with literal precision.

There are many difficulties which lie in the way of a clear understanding of St. Paul's language.

I. In the first place, ideas of things spiritual here and hereafter are so mixed together, and so connected with material things, that it is not always easy to know which order of things is uppermost in his mind. In 2 Cor. iv. 10-14 is a passage of this kind: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body. For we who live are continually delivered up to death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you. But having the same spirit of faith . . . we also believe, and therefore speak; knowing that he who raised up the Lord Jesus will raise up us also with Jesus, and will present us with you." It requires very close attention, very penetrating perceptions and a careful analysis to catch the different turns of thought by which this passage is distinguished, and to bring out its meaning in the several clauses. First, by a powerful metaphor, he transfers to his

own inward and outward experience here the dying and the life of Jesus, and then, in the other direction, he transfers his thought upward from the resurrection of Christ to the resurrection of himself and his converts into another world. In Col. iii, 1-4, is a similar passage; "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead [i.e. dead to this world] and your life [your spiritual life] is hid with Christ in God; when Christ who is our life shall be manifested, then shall ye also be manifested with him in glory." There is a strange mystical charm and beauty in this language. The devout soul broods over it, takes it up into its inmost life, and without exactly understanding it, feeds upon it, and is nourished and comforted by it. This perhaps is the most profitable use that we can make of it, as an interlude of sacred poetry appealing to our deepest and holiest affections. When it is stripped of this poetic and mystical form and feeling, much of its power over us is lost. It is like taking a beautiful flower into our hands and dissecting it, that we may determine its genus and species. Knowledge is gained, but the sentiment is gone. We in our revived and newly awakened souls, rising with Christ from earthly to heavenly interests, should seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and set our affections there. For [in the higher interests which are opening before us] we are dead [to this world], and our [deepest] life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ [in whom we live] who is our life shall be manifested [in his heavenly kingdom], then shall we be manifested with him." From the life of God into which we have risen here with Christ, by our ascent inwardly into a higher realm of thought and being, where our life is hid with him in God, we are taken up into that world where Christ, no longer a hidden power, shall be made manifest, and we with him in glory. The habit of passing from the hidden life within here to its outward manifestation and glory hereafter, — running forward and backward so as to unite the two worlds in one with boundary lines

scarcely appreciable, — this is a distinguishing trait in St. Paul's writings, and while it gives them a singular vitality and power, it makes it sometimes very difficult to analyze and understand them.

II. Another difficulty in the way of understanding what he says of another life comes from the language of the imagination which he uses, and which many good Christians think that they must interpret literally. When, in Romans viii. 19-23, he represents the whole creation, under the sins and miseries and ignorance of man, groaning and travailling in pain until the deliverance which was brought by the gospel of Christ, no one takes his words in their literal signification, or thinks them less truthful because they cannot be so taken. Why then should we insist on a literal interpretation in a passage like the following, where he gives through his imagination the most vivid conceptions that he can form of the ascension into heaven of the living and the dead? "For the Lord himself will descend from heaven with a loud summons, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we who are living, we who are left, shall be caught up together with them in clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord." (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). These were the images under which the great fact of the resurrection into eternal life presented itself to his mind; as the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, with its pictures of hell and its torments, and of Lazarus carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, are the images under which our Saviour has set forth the retributions for good and for evil which reach beyond this mortal life. They are, in both cases, outward images, ideal illustrations, of great spiritual facts, in language all alive with a sense of the terrible realities which it is bodying forth, but not to be taken literally.

III. Another and greater difficulty in this investigation arises from the greatness of the subjects treated, and the fact that the thought and conceptions of the apostle go so far beyond all that we have known or experienced. He speaks of "visions and revelations of the Lord," of a man, — meaning



himself,—"whether in the body or out of the body," he knows not, of "such an one caught up even to the third heaven"—caught up into paradise," where he heard "unspeakable words [unutterable utterances] which it is not lawful for a man to utter," i.e. words which transcend our powers of utterance. (2 Cor. xii. 2-4). When, in 1 Cor. xv. 24-28, Paul speaks of Christ putting down all dominion, and all authority and power, and finally giving the kingdom to God, even the Father, when in Col. i. 15-17, he says of Christ, he "is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of the whole creation; for in him were created all things, those in the heavens, and those on the earth, the visible and the invisible, whether thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things have been created through him and for him; and he is before all things and in him all things subsist," we feel that he is taking us beyond our depth, and introducing to us subjects which lie in their fulness beyond our understanding. There must be some common experience between him and us in regard to the topics presented or his words will fail to be wholly intelligible to us. How many of Shakespeare's deepest thoughts failed to make any impression upon us, when we first began to read them! In our inward and outward experience we had not grown up to them. But as our faculties went on unfolding themselves in the deeper experiences of life, we saw in them what we had never seen before. So in the profoundest utterances and loftiest intuitions and experiences of Paul, we are not far enough advanced in our spiritual development,—we have not gone high enough in our Christian attainments and experiences to comprehend his meaning entirely. Indeed he often seems himself to be struggling with the difficulties of his subject, striving for a fuller comprehension of it and a better expression of his thought. "Whether in the body or out of the body, I know not; God knoweth." "Not that I have already attained or am already perfected; but I follow on, if that I may apprehend that for which I also am apprehended by Christ Jesus." (Phil. iii. 12). Here he testifies not only to the limitations in his Christian attainments, but to the in-

completeness of his knowledge. If, therefore, there are some things in his writings which we cannot understand because they are too high for us in our present condition and with our present attainments, so there may be other things which are obscure to us because his own conceptions of them were inadequate and incomplete. And there is no portion of his writings in which this is so likely to be the case, as when he goes beyond the limits of this life and world, and sets before us orders of existence,—things invisible,—thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, which the eye hath not seen, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man fully to conceive.

With these preliminary considerations to be kept in view we come now to the question, What was St. Paul's idea of the resurrection of the dead? Did he believe in the resurrection of the body? And if so, what sort of a body was it that he believed was to rise from the dead?

We think it plain that he did believe in a bodily resurrection. Though even in regard to that the evidence from his writings is much less decisive than is usually supposed by those who have not critically examined them in regard to this matter. The resurrection of the body has been the popular doctrine of Christendom since the early centuries of the church. But in the form in which it is usually held, it finds no countenance in the New Testament. The resurrection of the *dead*—not of the body—is the one doctrine which the original teachers of Christianity announced everywhere and with the strongest emphasis. St. Paul especially, in his preaching and his writings, dwells upon it as of the utmost importance.

The resurrection of Christ from the dead is the one great fact which enters into all his instructions and is made the basis of his thought, both when he speaks of our rising from a carnal to a spiritual life now, and when he speaks of our rising through death from an earthly to a heavenly life. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." (Col. iii. 1). Here it refers to the change within us, rising from the

death of sin to the life of the soul in Christ. But in the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians it just as plainly refers to what we understand by the resurrection of the dead. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that have fallen asleep." The whole course of reasoning which precedes and follows the sentence either implies or expressly mentions the resurrection of the dead. "For if the dead rise not, then hath not Christ risen." (16). "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." (23).

"But some one will say, 'How are the dead to rise?' and with what body do they come?" The apostle replies to this question by a course of reasoning which indicates the keenest powers of metaphysical analysis and the farthest reach of the synthetic reason, or rather of the philosophical imagination, which by its intentions recognizes the highest laws of our being and carries them out to their full and necessary expression in the resurrection from the dead.

Jesus had said (John xii. 24), "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Paul takes up this suggestive illustration and carries it out. "Thou foolish one! that which thou sowest is not brought to life unless it die; and that thou sowest, *not the body that shall be dost thou sow*, but a naked kernel of wheat perhaps, or any other grain; but God giveth it a body, as he willed, and to every seed its own body." Not the body that shall be, dost thou sow. Thou sowest a naked kernel, and God giveth it a body, as he willed, i.e. according to his pre-established order or laws, and to every seed its own body, — i.e. the plant which naturally grows out from it. The writer is then for a moment drawn away, as he often is from the particular point immediately under discussion, to remove any objection that might be made to this new and different body he has spoken of. "Do you wonder," he seems to ask, "at this different body which I have suggested for the resurrection! Look around you and see what a diversity of substance there is. Every flesh even is not of the same sort. There is one flesh of men, another

of beasts, another of birds, another of fishes. There are also heavenly bodies and earthly bodies; with entirely different degrees of glory. Nay, even the heavenly bodies differ one from another in glory; and more than that; for every star differeth from another star in glory." Having established this matter of the infinite diversity even among bodies belonging to the same class, he applies the result of his reasoning to the case before him. "So also is the resurrection of the dead." Not the same body that dies and is resolved into dust shall rise again. But as from the perishing seed the delicate germ of life shoots out into a new and living form, so also is the resurrection of the dead. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." This last distinction seems to him of such vital importance that he dwells upon it and presents it to us under different images. "If there is a natural [animal] body, there is also a spiritual body. Yet the spiritual is not first, but the animal. The first man is from the earth, earthy; the second man is from heaven. As was the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly; and *as we bore the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.*" That is, as we have borne in these earthy bodies the image of the earthy, so in our spiritual bodies shall we bear the image of the heavenly. And lest even this should not be sufficiently explicit in regard to the resurrection of these animal or material bodies, he adds in his earnest, emphatic way: "But this I say, brethren, that *flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor doth corruption inherit incorruption.* "For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised incorruptible, and *we shall be changed.*"

It is not then, in any sense, this material, corruptible, mortal body "that shall be," but a spiritual, incorruptible, and immortal body. In conformity with this is what is said in Phil. iv. 20-21. "For our conversation [citizenship] is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord

Jesus Christ; who shall transform the body of our humiliation into conformity with his glorious body."

I do not see how any one, who has looked carefully into St. Paul's writings, can think of him as teaching the doctrine of the resurrection of these material bodies. If he speaks of a resurrection of the body, as he certainly does, it is a spiritual body, as he asserts again and again. Not the body that shall be. It is sown an animal body, it is raised a spiritual body. But what *is* a spiritual body? We are so accustomed to these outward material forms that the term "spiritual body" seems to be a contradiction in terms. We regard it as an evanescent, unsubstantial, ghost-like form — perhaps as merely an illusion of the imagination. But is there really any ground for these impressions of ours? The truth is that if we do not know precisely what a spiritual body is, neither do we know any more precisely what a material body is. For aught that we know, it may be, that when matter is reduced to its primary elements, it will be resolved entirely into spiritual force. As the hardest iron may be resolved into gaseous forms and float away unseen in the air, so it may be that behind all the material substances which our senses can recognize, there are vital spiritual forces underlying as their essential basis every form of matter and every species of vegetable or animal life. It may be that when the mortal bodies in which devout and holy men have lived are dissolved, and the finer elements around which this material organization has been formed are set free, these finer spiritual forces will be found to have been all the while the central life of the body, and to have, independent of that, a life of their own and all the organs which are needed to make a perfect spiritual organization. That is, it may be that, instead of the soul being the outgrowth of the material body, this material body is the living outgrowth of the soul. When the connection between the two is dissolved, the material body which depends upon the soul dies, while the soul, which only takes on and uses the body as a temporary aid till it has got possession of its own spiritual powers, then lives on in its own native form and eternal life.

It may be, that even here our souls, endowed with a divine life, living and expanding through their own holier Christian impulses and affections, within the protecting shelter of these earthly bodies so wonderfully made, may be clothing themselves by a material growth in spiritual bodies, so that when the outward body has fulfilled its office, and is dissolved, the soul, already clothed upon in this finer organization, rises in its spiritual body with the freedom and gladness of an angel. In this finer organization, it may move with the ease and swiftness of a sun-beam. It may look through organs of sight so delicate and so quick in their perceptions that the farthest star may reveal itself to it as near at hand and space be no obstruction to its progress in knowledge. It may recognize, by its new and spiritual organs of sense, the presence of spiritual beings, — however hidden or far off they might seem to us now with our duller perceptions. Now this mortal life, the bodily senses which enable us to see material things, veil from us the presence of spiritual beings, but then in our spiritual bodies, with unveiled face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord. "For now we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part will be done away," — "then I shall thoroughly know even as I also am thoroughly known."

What I have suggested as to the nature of the spiritual body is only a thought. It is one of the not impossible nor wholly improbable suppositions which can be made. We cannot tell how the delicate germ of life in a seed unfolds itself into a body altogether different from the seed itself. We cannot tell how the delicate germ of life in an egg unfolds itself by the natural process of growth into a body wholly different from the egg, — a body which contains in itself before the shell is broken chemical substances which no chemical tests can discover either in the egg or in the surrounding air.

So it may be that the germ of spiritual vitality in us, quickened into activity by our faith in Christ and in



spiritual things, may in its regular process of growth, unfold itself into a spiritual body, while it resides within the nerves and tissues of this material form, and that we, clothed upon in this spiritual body, may by the act of dying be detached with it from this grosser organization, and go forth in it, with spiritual organs adapted to the higher and freer mode of existence into which we shall then enter.

This doctrine is not distinctly taught by Paul. But it is in harmony with what he has taught, and with some of the higher analogies to be drawn from modern science. And it may serve as an illustration of his profound spiritual insight, especially when we compare it with the views of the resurrection of the body [the flesh] which have generally prevailed throughout Christendom. It is not a subject to dogmatize upon. But it is a subject on which the imagination and our keenest powers of philosophical analysis may exercise themselves. In this way we may accustom ourselves to follow the soul on from its mortal to its immortal state. We may form some vivid conceptions of what we may be when we "shall be changed." Then the subject, the thought of what we shall be, and something of the circumstances possibly connected with it, will be familiar to us. Death will not be to us in our thoughts when we approach it a terrible leap into the dark. A world of spiritual life and joy, encompassing us with its unseen sympathies and gentle ministries of love, may go with us, at least in our imagination, and make a part of our daily thought and life. Visions of divine love and goodness may thus displace the horrible pictures of the old graveyard theology, or fill the hardly less dreary vacancy and nothingness of a godless science, "falsely so called," or a materialistic unbelief.

I have endeavored to give a clear statement of Paul's view of the resurrection of the dead. He does not believe in the common notion of the resurrection of the material body, the same body that now is, but of a spiritual body growing out of our present physical and spiritual organization. Precisely what he means by a spiritual body he does not say. Probably it had not been revealed to him, and if he had been asked



he would probably have answered with the apostle John, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Yet he evidently had strong and clear conceptions in regard to the change. In the fourth and fifth chapters of the second Corinthians is a remarkable passage bearing upon this subject. Paul, sick in body, wearied, troubled, burdened, and almost worn out with labors, trials, discouragements and afflictions, turned for consolation and strength to him who, having raised up the Lord Jesus, "will raise up us also with Jesus, and will present us with you." "For which cause," he adds, "we faint not; but though our outward man is perishing, yet *the inward man is renewed* day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us, in a higher and still higher degree, an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are only for a season, but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if our earthly tent-house [tenement] be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. For while in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven, since indeed being thus clothed we shall not be found naked. For we who are in this tent groan, being burdened, for which reason [however] we do not desire to be unclothed, but *to be clothed upon*, that mortality may be swallowed up by life."

This passage is usually understood as referring only to the change which takes place in our bodily organization at death. Let us examine it with care. "But though our outward man [this mortal body] is perishing, the inward man [our spiritual faculties and the spiritual body in which they are clothing themselves] is renewed day by day." "For we know that if our earthly tenement [this mortal body] be dissolved, we have [not we shall have, but we have] from God a building [i.e. a body] not made with hands, eternal and heavenly [in the heavens]." That is, "if our earthly tabernacle should be dissolved, we have already, not made with hands, but woven around us by the creative power of God who giveth to every

seed a body, as he willed, an eternal [spiritual] and heavenly body. For in this [outward body] we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our heavenly habitation [the spiritual], so that being thus clothed [while in our present mortal condition] we shall not be found naked when this mortal body shall be stripped off. For we who are in the tent do groan under the burden of mortality that is put upon us. But nevertheless, not on that account do we desire to be unclothed, i.e. to put off this mortal body, but we would be clothed upon [our spirits clothed upon by the spiritual body growing around them], that in the change thus wrought inwardly upon us we may even here be clothed with immortality, and this mortal be swallowed up by life. Before being unclothed we are to be clothed upon ; i.e. before going out from these mortal bodies, we are to be clothed upon with our spiritual vestments. This mortal must put on immortality, and so put it on that in the final transmutation it shall itself be swallowed up and lost in the life which has been working through all its members, forming around the soul its own body, that which God hath designed for it.

I do not suppose that Paul had this conception fixed always in his mind, as we with more precise habits of philosophical reasoning may have it in our minds. He is always varying his images. Now it is a seed, now a body, now a garment, and now a tent or a house. Yet the idea of a spiritual body forming itself around us, *now within these earthly members*, and vitally connected itself with our spiritual faculties, clothing them as with a divine and heavenly garment, seems to me better than any other hypothesis to meet all the conditions of the various phraseology which we find in the Epistles. And when we remember that these epistles run through a period perhaps of twenty years, it is certainly very remarkable that we should find such entire consistency in all that he has said on this most interesting, but most obscure perhaps, of all subjects.

There is another branch of the subject in regard to which it is not so easy to come at the real sentiments of the writer ; and that is, whether he believed in a general "resurrection

at the last day," or whether he thought of death and resurrection as coming simultaneously to each individual soul.

There are passages which, taken by themselves, would indicate a specific time appointed for the resurrection and the general judgment. "We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump. For the trumpet will sound and the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed" (1. Cor. xv. 52). In Acts xvii. 31 Paul speaks of God as having "fixed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by a man whom he hath appointed." In 2 Tim. 12 and 18 he says, "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against *that* day;" "the Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day." So he speaks of "the day of the Lord," or "of the Lord Jesus." (1 Cor. v. 5; 2 Cor. 1. 14; 1 Thess. v. 2). And in Romans ii. 16 he says, "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of man by Jesus Christ according to my gospel."

On the other hand there are passages which indicate an immediate transition at the time of our death from this world to the other. We "know that while we dwell in the body we are absent [are travelling away] from the Lord but we have courage and are well pleased rather to be absent from the body, to dwell with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 6, 7). "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; for it is far better; but to abide in the flesh is more needful for your sake." (Phil. i. 22, 23). These passages imply that Paul's habitual conception of death was of an immediate departure from this material body into the conscious presence of the Lord. And this immediate transition at death seems to bring "that day," directly before him. "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all those who have loved his appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 6-8).

Here we have an indication of the manner in which these two apparently contradictory conceptions may be harmo-

nized. It is not a harsh or violent use of language to say, "One day awaiteth the righteous and the wicked, even the day of death." It is natural to group together times or events of the same character into one impressive image. Speaking of wicked men in their experience in this world, we may say, "Yes, they are prosperous now, their evil deeds are attended by apparent success; but sooner or later even in this world the day of retribution will come to every one of them, and their ill-gotten and unrighteous gains will disappear." Why then may we not carry this form of speech forward into the future, and speak of "that day," "the day of the Lord," "the day of judgment," when "we all must appear before the judgment seat of Christ," as one day and one event, though it may, as a matter of fact, be extending itself to successive individuals and generations, through thousands of years? The imagination conceives of it as *one day*. It is *one day* in its office and in all its characteristic features, and before these essential elements of unity, the distinctions of time and place vanish away as irrelevant, or of no account. When therefore St. Paul says that "we shall all be changed in a moment at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised," it is not asserted or implied that we shall be changed in the same moment, or that the trumpet will sound for all and the dead all be raised at the same instant. But under this most impressive image is announced the instantaneous change through which all men shall pass in the act of dying.

At the same time the subject presented itself under different aspects at different times, just as it does to us. Probably no one of us believes that death is a temporary extinction of our life, or that we are to be actually buried in the grave. Yet probably every one of us is in the habit of using language which, literally construed, implies that we do. "He is dead and buried. He is in his grave. He has gone to his last sleep, or to his long home." These expressions mislead no body. They are adapted to what seems to our outward senses to be the fact. Just as we say the sun rises and sets, because it seems so to our senses, though we know perfectly well that in fact it neither rises nor sets,

I think, therefore, that we should press the literal construction of Paul's language to an unreasonable extent, were we to assert that in these different statements, made from different points of view, he contradicts himself. It requires no forced interpretation to arrange them all in perfect consistency and harmony. When he speaks of longing to depart and be with the Lord, he gives us his conception of what death is to him in his own spiritual consciousness. And when he speaks of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, he gives his conception of the apparent change that has fallen upon them, — a beautiful image of peace and repose under which the early Christians loved to think of their departed ones. And yet, if asked whether he really believed that they were sleeping unconsciously in the grave, he might well reply, "Our ability is from God; who also gave us ability to be ministers of a new covenant, not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." (2 Cor. iii. 5, 7). "If ye live according to the flesh, ye shall surely die; but if by the spirit ye make an end of the deeds of the body, ye shall live." (Rom. viii. 13).

I have endeavored to give some account of St. Paul's view of the resurrection. What he has said gives us the clearest and most satisfactory conception that has ever been given of the body with which we shall rise. The fact of the resurrection through death into a higher form of life shines out everywhere from his writings. But in all the details that belong to that higher form of existence, his reticence is perhaps even more remarkable than his utterance. There is no assumption of a knowledge which he does not possess. Even Socrates, as reported by Plato, enters largely into particulars respecting persons and places connected with the abodes and experiences of the departed. A single Romish legend, a single chapter in the Ecclesiastical History of the venerable Bede, tells us more of the secrets of that unseen world in its details than can be found in the whole New Testament. And this, it seems to me, is an unmistakable mark of the sobriety and simple truthfulness of these writings. They tell us what their authors know, and there they stop. They

do not indulge their own credulity or ours by any marvellous stories. When announcing the sublime doctrine of the incorruptible and immortal life, Paul sets it forth in language, and with a dignity and power, suited to the greatness of his theme. But there is not one word to gratify the curiosity that would pry into the yet unbroken mystery which, in its awful silence and its "light unapproachable," conceals from us the details pertaining to that unseen world of being.

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 AN AUTUMN SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG TIECK.

A LITTLE bird, with sweetest song,  
Flew o'er the sunlit fields along ;  
And this the purport of his lay, —  
"Farewell! for I must fly away,

Far! Far!

To-day I travel far."

I listened as he flitted by,  
How happy, — yet how sad was I!  
A troubled joy, a joyful pain,  
Within my bosom strove to reign.

Heart! Heart!

Is't grieved or glad thou art?

Then as the leaves fell dry and sere,  
I thought, alas! the autumn's here!  
And love and longing from thy breast  
May fly like summer's swallow-guest

Far! Far!

Quickly with time afar.

But back came sunshine and the bird.  
He saw my tears, and thus I heard  
Him carol sweetly, close above, —  
"There is no winter-time for love.

Nay! Nay!

Love's spring doth bloom alway."

## MEMORABLE HOURS IN LIFE.

A SERMON. BY REV. JAMES G. VOSE.

"It was about the tenth hour." — JOHN i. 39.

JOHN the Baptist had pointed out Jesus to his disciples with the exclamation, "Behold the Lamb of God." At this, two of them, John and Andrew, followed Jesus, and when he turned to notice them, they inquired of him, "Master, where dwellest thou?" He at once invited them to the place (Capernaum), "and they came and abode with him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." The tenth hour was four o'clock in the afternoon, for the Jews divided the night and day equally into twelve hours. There was slight reason to mention the hour, unless to show that their stay was not long, as but little of the day remained. Here we have one of those delicate natural touches which reveal the truth of the gospel in a most striking way. He who wrote this book recalled vividly the hour when he reached for the first time the dwelling of Christ. It was a bright point in his memory, and he recorded it simply because it flowed from his pen unbidden. This incident leads us to reflect upon memorable hours in life. We may consider our theme with reference to outward, moral, and spiritual life.

The meeting with Christ had its outward as well as its inward significance. As a historic period, the first interview of John with Christ rises into vast importance. There are memorable hours in history, by which we learn to mark its course. It is not a tranquil stream, with no flood-tides, nor sudden turns of direction, but marked with events which give it character. Not only is this so in the history of past ages, but in our own. We have seen the downfall of slavery, which no one would have believed possible in so short a time, and we mark the occasion of it by certain acts which brought about the consummation. It did not come to pass in a smooth and tranquil manner, nor by a general and gradual movement, but by particular acts, which set in motion the



elements. It has been said, that "the effective accident is but the touch of fire where there is oil and tow." But he who applies the match to such inflammable materials does an act which is remembered, and which proves the occasion of great results. So when the first gun was fired at Sumter, its echo reached every home in New England. The hour had come. The same effect was seen here as at Concord, in 1775, —

"Where once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Such an hour clings to the memory. The human mind cannot let it go. It becomes the sign and symbol of great events, and is a convenient abbreviation for the whole course of strife and valor and victory which followed.

While this is true of public history, it is no less true of private. The hour comes which determines our course of life, appoints us our place, and settles the question of our success and our position among men. Were those present in any congregation called upon to rise one after another and state the occasion which decided their place of residence, the event which led them into their present business or office, how clearly would it appear that some particular hour had marked the decision, when perhaps in a very unexpected way the event had been brought about! Memorable hours in outward history, which of us does not recall them? They were turning points, on which hinged matters of vast importance to all our remaining lives. It was about the tenth hour of day or night when some event occurred, some plan was proposed to us, some acquaintance formed, some opening of business presented, and by that our whole life has been shaped. A German pastor, Dr. Büchsel, tells of an old man who used to sit with a paper in his hand, containing various dates written in large figures that his dim eyes might see them. "Why are you looking at those figures?" said one. "Oh," said he, "here are the great events of my life. My choice of business and dwelling-place, my losses and my sicknesses, my great temptations and the time of my confessing Christ. These few figures are the whole of life to me.

They are like the surveyor's marks round a field. You can draw lines from them that describe the whole."

When we read the lives of eminent men, we are impressed by the fact that their course has often been changed by some slight contingency. The Duke of Wellington, on his first entrance into military life, was wearied and disgusted with it, and petitioned to be transferred to the civil service, where he would have passed a life of quiet, and perhaps of obscurity; but the petition was denied and he remained a soldier. John Wesley, whose family name (Wellesley) was the same as that of the great Duke, came near being adopted by a noble kinsman, in whose family he might have been trained for politics, instead of preaching the gospel in the wilds of America. So God orders the outward lives of men. There comes an hour which decides, often much against their expectation or wish, and they proceed henceforth in a new direction.

Again, there are memorable hours in our moral condition. The gospel never undervalues the worth of our moral character. While salvation is to be attained only through forgiveness and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, yet the transcendent importance of every act of our lives is held distinctly before us, both by Christ and his apostles. Moral conduct becomes exceedingly important in this view, because it exerts over mind and body such a powerful effect. Intoxication benumbs the sensibilities, excites the passions, and unfits the mind for any spiritual exercise. Now every immoral act is a species of intoxication. It exercises a deceptive influence over the mind. It degrades and often seriously impairs the faculties. The dissipated youth becomes weak in intellect. Go to our insane asylums and ask the cause of many instances of lunacy which you see before you. You shall find that a large part of them have resulted more or less remotely from immoral acts, sometimes those of parents, sometimes of the individual himself. There is a vast importance then attaching to every moral act. Act became habit, and herein has a tenfold weight. Were it to be committed but once, it would have far less significance; but if it is to be the beginning of

a whole course of action running through years, it assumes a very different bearing. Chained by the power of habit, a man is no longer free to pursue certain duties of various kinds, whose value he readily admits. He himself does not realize how strongly he is bound until he attempts to move. The ship seems to lie very easily at her moorings. She floats this way and that, and undulates on the surface of the waves as gracefully as if at full liberty ; but when we come to examine, we shall find that she is safely fastened at bow and stern, and the chains that hold her cannot be broken. So have I seen men, who seemed ready to be interested in religious truth, who knew thoroughly the way of salvation, and whose emotions were easily reached, but who were held firmly by the chain of some immoral act. They could move just so far and no farther. Those are memorable hours, which have led the way to such a habit. The first time that the young man joins a convivial party, and becomes excited by wine, is a memorable hour. It leads the way to how much of misery and shame. Others may not notice it. In fact, he may not be at all conscious of the danger himself. The sky is not black above him, the horizon does not shut in with clouds ; but yet as noted in the record of his life, it is a starting point often of shame and ruin. That is a memorable hour, when a man first commits some overt act against the laws of purity, when he defiles the temple of God, and ranks himself with those whom he despises. And that, too, is a memorable hour when a man forms the acquaintance of those who lead him into sin. He gives himself up to companionships which seem pleasant at the time, which serve to pass away an evening and to afford satisfaction to a restless fancy, and may have led him on to shame. He may not at the time have been conscious of danger ; but, as he now looks back, he sees clearly the starting-point, when he diverged from truth and safety, and bitterly does he recall that hour. Oh, how many such memorable hours there are in life ! When does the clock strike but it records the loss of a soul ? When does the clock strike in any great city, but some business man is endangering his honor, some youth is bartering

his birthright? What hour, that does not bear witness to temptations that are decisive to the ruin of multitudes? Never was there a time when the danger was more distinctly placed before us. Men of all grades and ranks in life are brought face to face with critical hours, on which their peace of mind, and the whole worth of life depend. What extraordinary lessons God is teaching us, in the death of many eminent men, of the misery of violating conscience! And if men do not bring death on themselves, they make life a burden,—they forsake their own mercy,—hastily, and in *an evil hour*, they yield themselves to temptation, and they never cease to regret it.

Turn we now to memorable hours in our spiritual history. These are ultimately more important than any others, although as we have said, others have a very important effect in hindering or preparing the way for them. There are memorable hours of influence, perhaps running back to the earliest period of our lives, when parent or friend has thrown around us the chain of loving effort, and we have felt its power. That was an important moment when we thus came under a strong impression from another life; when we first become conscious of a solemn meaning in religion that had reference to us; that there was both danger and duty; that Christ invited and must not be denied. Again, it is a memorable hour, when prayer becomes a reality, when we get a clear conception of a loving, answering God, and are so pressed with desire, that we have a definite petition. Prayer does not become of much account to us, until we are brought into straits, and feel a great pressure upon us. When David said, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord, and thou heardest my voice,"—that phrase, "Out of the depths," has two senses. It is both out of the depths of trouble, and out of the depths of the heart,—and here we may truly say, "Deep calleth unto deep." It is when we have some great burden to bring to God, that we cry with the full earnestness of our spirits. Hence the cry for forgiveness must be preceded by the conviction of sin. When we feel our guilt and misery, then do we cry mightily unto God. When we can-

not bear to remain in our wretched and unforgiven state, then do we earnestly cry out to God to save us. It is a memorable hour when we thus learn to pray. Whatever it be that teaches us that God will hear, it is a blessed thing.

There are also memorable hours of struggle, when the question of yielding ourselves to God comes clearly before us ; when some step of duty faces us, which we ought to take, and we try to question whether or no it is our duty, and whether something else will not answer as well, as a means of bringing us to God. These are decisive battles of the soul, when we are called to put ourselves on the side of God. But, alas ! we often refuse to do so. We please ourselves with the notion that we will argue the matter, — we will think more of the topic. Ah ! thinking of religion is a blessed thing, if done in the right way. But how many a man thinks and thinks, to his own destruction. You know what it means when you urge a man to some kind act, — a piece of simple justice, it may be, — and he turns you off with saying, "I'll think of it." You know how much that is good for. So alas ! does many a man, in the great concerns of the soul, think instead of acting, and turn away from duty and from God.

When the Saviour of the world was first pointed out to John and his companion, they did not linger with suspicious inquiries, but went to see for themselves. In the long course of John's life, reaching on, as some say, for more than a hundred years, he never forgot that hour. Jerusalem was destroyed, his native land laid waste, he himself exiled to a barren rock in the waters, but still memory stretched back to that happy day when he first found the Lord. The expression of Jesus' face, as he turned and questioned him, — "Whom seekest thou?" was still present to his mind ; the quiet walk in which he followed him to his home, and the hour when they arrived, all this was distinct to the disciple's mind, and not in vain nor accidentally are we told, that it was about the tenth hour.

In parting with this subject, we should consider the fact, that memorable hours in life are not generally recognized at

the time of their passing. They cannot be. They are often attended with haste and excitement. A light is thrown back on them from after events which shows their value and meaning, but at the time they seem to us often indifferent. We cannot estimate life as it passes, any more than we can the height of a country through which we are journeying, by what we see just around us. We must measure one thing by another, and look back from remoter places, in order to see the true relations of things. As we cannot tell when the most important moments of life shall come, we ought to be always ready and on the watch. Peter doubtless thought it was a very trifling moment when he was questioned about himself in the high priest's hall. What matter was it that that poor servant girl should say he was a Galilean? Of what account was it that the soldiers eyed him askance, and charged him with being a friend of Christ? Yet one of the most memorable hours of his life was marked by those hasty words, and God never permitted him to forget them, nor any of his brother apostles, but the whole four evangelists recorded them, even when they left out many of the sayings of Christ himself.

We forget that we must be always ready; that to serve God and gain the full fruits of life, we must wait on him at all times and crave of him strength for the critical moment. If it does not come to-day for us, it will for others. The poet tells us, —

“Never morning wore to evening,  
But some heart did break.”

More sadly may we say, “Never morning wore to evening, but some soul was ruined, some youth caught by temptation and led astray from God.” And when this has occurred, remember also that there was a hope of rescue, a time when we perhaps might have interposed to lead the sinner to God, when our example, or our prayers, might have saved him. “The greatest value of any day,” says John Foster, “ought to be taken as the fixed value of every day.” The hours that go by us, are freighted with immortal worth. They are all

numbered by the recording angel, and will be of undying interest to us when the record is made up. May the memorable hours of our life be hours of blessing, so that we may delight to recall them, as John did the time when he reached the abode of Christ! "It was about the tenth hour."

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## UNITIES OF CHRISTENDOM.

BY W. ELLERY COPELAND.

WE hear enough about the differences between Christian sects: the pulpits ring with denunciations of errors believed in by others, sermons are multiplied explanatory of the orthodoxy of *our* denomination.

' In this article I choose a nobler theme, even the setting forth of the unities of Christendom, more numerous than we generally admit. A Mahomedan, going from church to church in any large city, would decide that these sects had nothing in common,—that in name only were they disciples of the same Master. Yet, beneath all this seeming disunion is there a true union. We disagree on *non-essentials*, we agree upon *essentials*. All Christians agree that there is one God the Father, whom we are to worship. Some declaim eloquently of the necessity of believing in a triune God and yet worship only one being,—yes, the most ardent Trinitarians have but one object of worship: with some it is Jesus, the Father and Spirit seeming shadows; with others it is Mary the Virgin Mother of God; with others it is the Father. We believe in a God as opposed to those who deny that there is any God,—we believe in one, not many Gods,—we worship one God, who is the Creator and Sustainer of nature, not nature, and that God we all declare to be a Spirit. All claiming the name of Christians are Theists worshipping one spiritual being, and not Atheists, Pan-



theists, Polytheists or Materialists, and Unitarians are most zealous promoters of Theism.

We all claim to be disciples of Jesus Christ, — some declare that he was identical with God, a supernatural being, God in human form, — others assert that he was a man, a natural being ; but a man uncommon, perfect, the very crown of human nature. The most radical Christian confesses that Jesus was sinless, possessed of wonderful powers over mind and matter. The words which he spake were for the healing of the nations, — his life has occupied the world's attention for eighteen hundred years, and has worked so mighty a change in history that since his death the history of civilization is the history of Christianity. All Christians agree that Jesus is *the* son of God, for he overcomes evil with good and thus conquers sin, — his truth shall convince the world, — his love draws all men to him, — his divine holiness forces even mockers upon their knees. He is our Master by virtue of his lofty spirit ; he is our Saviour, yet always our brother. Unitarians gladly call Jesus Master and Saviour, obeying his commands, honoring his name, receiving his salvation, humbly seeking to be his faithful disciples.

All Christians believe in the Holy Ghost. Some call it a person in the Trinity, others a spiritual influence ; some speak of its coming and going, others of its constant presence. When we shut our doors and darken our windows the blessed light of the sun is shut out ; so with those who shut out the spirit of God ; they are in spiritual darkness. Will men but turn their souls to God, as the plant in the window turns its leaves and flowers to the sun, and the invigorating influence of God will quicken our growth in grace. We all believe in the Holy Spirit, for we all believe in God's love. Unitarians believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, and gladly welcome the divine Comforter, who Jesus promised should come and reveal the truth.

We all believe in the Bible. Criticise it never so much, it is still the book of books. Some tell us that every word is inspired, and its authors were passive instruments in the hand of God, as pens in an author's hand ; others insist that the

Bible is written like other books, inspired, only as other sacred books are inspired. Yet those, who most oppose its supernaturalism, reverence it. In our deepest grief we turn to its comforting words, at the sick bed we read its encouraging sentences, and at the grave, we repeat its hopeful promises. All admit that it is profitable for doctrine, discipline, and instruction in righteousness. In no households is the Bible more honored, than in the Unitarian families,—we reason about its contents, more than others, we may not find so many doctrines as others, but what we believe to be God's commands we accept and obey. All Christendom believes in a church,—we differ as to membership, names and purpose, each sect claims to be the true church. A church is in fact a union of certain Christians, believing alike, to do a certain work ; it is, in short, a Christian club, like political clubs,—reform clubs, social clubs. A union league is a political church, a Masonic lodge is a Masonic church, a temperance society is a temperance church. We may differ as to the privileges of church members, but we all believe in churches. And those, who refuse to join a Christian church, deprive themselves of many blessings. Those, who devote Sunday to pleasure, to picnics and conviviality, separate themselves from the great Christian brotherhood. In the church all are or should be united, on the platform of Christian brotherhood: the theory of the church is a union of brothers and sisters, separated neither by race nor social standing. Some claim to have outgrown the church: they become selfish and narrow-minded, because they exclude themselves from the grand fraternal union only to be found in the Christian church. Will the coming man belong to the church? is often asked. Unless he would isolate himself from the best part of humanity,—all alive with divine impulses, he will. Unitarians are doubtless more lax than others with regard to the conditions of church membership, often identifying the congregation with the church, claiming, as does the Church of England, that the children of Christian parents are born into the church ; but we feel the need of a Christian brotherhood, composed of those who wish to

be Christ's disciples ; leaving the qualifications to the individual consciousness, we yet seek to establish Christian churches.

All Christians agree upon the same moral law : the essence of this law all confess to be love to God and to man. The same definitions of right and wrong prevail in all Christendom, there being only trifling exceptions. In the cause of morals there are no persecutors and no heretics. And yet the whole of Christ's teaching was simply an expansion of the golden rule. Jesus was always urging his hearers to a higher moral life, and declares that the substance of religion is to love God and one's neighbor as one's self. Christians differ as to the value of morality, but have no quarrel concerning its constituent parts.

All Christians believe in a life beyond the grave. Some teach that we reinhabit the bodies which we inhabited here, others that we are to live in spiritual bodies. Some fortell a judgement in the far-off future, others locate both time and place on the earth during the present. Some believe that heaven and hell are places, others that they are conditions of joy and sorrow, in which we may dwell both on the earth and hereafter. Unitarians doubtless differ with other Christians in their definition of heaven, hell, and the judgment, but we all agree that men are immortal, and that their condition in the next world is largely modified by their conduct in this.

Again, all Christians accept the atonement by Jesus Christ, some holding that Jesus by his death, — the innocent for the guilty, — enabled God to pardon man, reconciled God's justice with his mercy, the work was done with God, his vengeance was satisfied, his anger appeased. Man owed God a debt, Jesus paid it. Others hold that Jesus by his life, death and resurrection reconciled man with God, led the prodigal home. By his sinless life the Man of Nazareth proved to other men, his brothers, that they were able to obey God, at the time of his sojourn on the earth. This was all the heavy burdened, despairing world needed, was an example. By his union with the Father Jesus manifested God's love for his children ; he

at-oned man and God by his revelation of God's universal love for his children. Whoever by the power of Christ's life is led to hate evil and love God, to forsake sin and follow righteousness, to humble himself and obey God, is reconciled to God. One view sees a supernatural work, the other a natural, but both agree that Jesus makes man and God one. Unitarians persistently preach the ministry of reconciliation; they summon their hearers to come to Jesus and by him be led home to the Father's house; they may not agree with others as to the means employed by Jesus, but they proclaim the fact.

All Christians agree in salvation by Christ: one division teaches that this salvation is escape from future punishment, the other that it is release from the bondage of evil; one places the effect in the future, the other in the present. Punishment cannot be avoided, say many, it is inevitable, natural, a blessing, not a curse, for it purifies from evil. "Jesus," say the latter, "saves not from a future but from a present hell, into which we have naturally fallen, as the result of unrestrained passion and desire." Some teach that in a moment, by an act of faith in Christ, we receive new hearts, others that by continued well-doing, a faithful imitation of Jesus, a frequent self-denial, we grow in favor before God and are saved. All agree that Jesus saves from sin and purifies the soul. Unitarians may differ from others as to the nature and terms of salvation, but they teach that Jesus by his life, death and resurrection, kindles a new life in the world, leads it from darkness to light, from disobedience to obedience, that he cleanses the soul which trustfully follows him from the sin which doth so easily beset us.

Thus are all Christians, even Unitarians, baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Unitarians reject the doctrine of the Trinity as an arithmetical formula, declaring that  $1+1+1$  do not make one but three, but with all Christendom accept this doctrine as a concise statement of God's nature. We believe in the Father, who has made all things, and by virtue of his constant presence renders nature and life divine, and we believe also that God is at work to-

day as in olden time, that he inspires men and women to-day, for he is the Universal Father and will speak whenever his children need his word.

We believe in the Son. As God the Father is in nature and history, so in Jesus he shows that he is in humanity. In the ignorant and the debased, Christ's sinful brethren, God is present, only waiting to raise them into union with himself until they desire that union, which good time his universal love prophesies.

We believe in the Holy Spirit. By it God continues the work begun at creation, continued through Jesus, and perfected by its agency. The law of creation and of history is progress, and the Spirit of God still moves on the troubled waters of humanity, still speaks to the open ears of God's needy children. It frees from the bondage of the letter, explains and supplements what is mysterious and unfinished in the Gospels. "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now," says Jesus, and as men are capable of bearing them, the Spirit of Truth reveals them. By its presence Christianity ceases to be a creed and becomes a progressive religion. Science and philosophy are made to contribute to religion. Christianity is by the power of the Spirit adapted to the wants of every age.

God the Father above all, yet through all and in all. One Lord Jesus Christ,—the way, the truth and the life. The good shepherd, who searches through darkness and storm for the lost sheep, until he finds it and safe folds it in the Father's bosom. One Holy Spirit ever kindling into activity the dormant life of each man, revealing new truth as we are prepared to receive it, changing belief into experience, making us live Christianity, not merely profess it. God, is one, whether seen in nature, revelation or life. He who is above us, is with us and in us. God present in the past, now, and in the future; as shown by science, in men, as in our own hearts; the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Orthodox and heterodox believe in God, in Christ and in the Holy Spirit, three manifestations of the same Deity, in

the same Bible, in duty and immortality, in salvation and atonement by the power of Jesus, and in the church universal. Those who magnify differences can find no ground of union; diversity and disunion appear on every hand. We are all playing the same music, though with different instruments, — each prefers his own, — they are made by men, but the music is composed by God. Let us no longer quarrel because one beats a drum, while another blows a trumpet. An orchestra would soon cease their usefulness, did each member think only of the sound made by his neighbor, — thus intent he would hear only discord; but content to perform his own part, grand music results. So with the sects; let each do his own work earnestly, as well as may be, and give to its neighbor the same privilege. Those who think of the unities of Christendom will hear a harmonious chant arising from all the churches. As I have shown, Christians are united on the essentials, and differ only on unimportant details. Our God is the Father of all. Our Jesus is the Nazarene, who spake as never man spoke. Our Holy Ghost is that Divine Power sanctifying our spirits. Our Bible is that glorious book acknowledged by those keenest in fault-finding to be the book of books. Our hope is for an immortal life spent in union with God. Our salvation is from sin through Jesus Christ, who at once reveals to us God and man. Our church is the fellowship of Christian brethren. I emphasize one part of the Christian religion, my neighbor another, but we both preach and practice Christianity.

We worship the same God to whom we are led by the same Guide, Jesus Christ, who makes God and his children one, thus saving us from sin, and preparing us a home in the Father's house. We read in the same Bible, follow the same Master and are inspired by the same Comforter. Because Christians stand on different points, all however looking at the same object by means of the same light, even the Sun of Righteousness, is it not absurd for them to quarrel because they obtain different views?

I think I have proved that Unitarians are entitled to the name of Christians, — inasmuch as they agree with all

Christ's church on the essential points of the Christian religion. Let us imitate the ever-illustrious example of Zwingli, take each other's hands, and declare that, united on the essentials, they are content to differ on the non-essentials. Is there not work enough to be done in fighting against evil, in reforming flagrant abuse, in preaching the Gospel, in converting from the service of the Mammon of unrighteousness, in resisting the advance of superstition, without quarrelling with one another as to the exact way. Men are of very different minds, and those whom one cannot reach another can. To each God has given work to do,—let us be faithful in the doing. Each sect gathers sheaves to be stored in the celestial granary: what matter if one reaps with a scythe, another with a sickle, another with a reaper; we are all engaged in the same work, and the result shall be the salvation of the world.

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FAULT-FINDING. — They who see flaws in the character or conduct of their friends pride themselves on their superior intelligence. But it requires greater intelligence to see and appreciate the highest qualities than to detect the ordinary imperfections or limitations that may be connected with them. Any one may show us the sand in the desert, but only the skilled eye and hand can detect the drop of gold or the precious diamond that lies in it. Any ignorant boor who met him could tell of Milton's blindness, but of all those who saw and spoke with him only the most gifted could understand the vastness of his genius and the loftiness and moral greatness with which he bore himself in a lewd and frivolous age.

J. H. M.

WHAT a pity that the sects are so slow to become acquainted with the grand best in each other! — *George Macdonald*.



"MENTAL SCIENCE."\*

BY THERON GRAY.

[The following essay is evidently prepared by one who has devoted a great deal of thought to the greatest of all subjects. If any of our readers should find parts of it unintelligible they must not therefore reproach either themselves or the writer. A very few persons who have a taste for such discussions may be interested in the statements here made, and find in them hints towards the ultimate solution of the great and difficult problem involved in the words "God," "man," "nature." — ED.]

WHILE we cannot but admire all sturdy endeavors to make a positive, comprehensive expression of the fundamental truths of creation, and accord due honor to the men who, like the Frothinghams in "Philosophy as Absolute Science" and Hamilton in "Autology," push their forces in this direction, we nevertheless feel compelled to protest against the perversions and misconceptions thus delivered in the name of Science; more especially because they proceed with such positiveness and assurance, while yet largely wanting in a scientific validity becoming the claims.

In the work more directly under notice, one does not doubt Mr. Hamilton's avowed motives and interest in his studies, and one gladly believes in a certain magnanimity and excellence of heart prompting in the work; yet one as readily sees that there is a misleading power existing throughout that must measurably invalidate the claims of the work as establishing a comprehensive "System of Mental Science." No man can stand a moment as the discoverer and exponent of the truth in that entirety which would authorize a claim to the display of a complete system of Mental Science, who

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\* Autology: an Inductive System of Mental Science; whose centre is the Will, and whose completion is the Personality. A vindication of the Manhood of Man, the Godhood of God, and the Divine Authorship of Nature. By Rev. D. H. Hamilton, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. 1873.

stands in the interest of a pre-conceived theory rather than in the interest of the whole truth—for the truth's sake exclusively.

Our author makes his reckoning from the base of a perverse theologic dogma that must vitiate and falsify in his thought. He starts wrong in starting from Man instead of from God, and then he distorts and stumbles continually from the primary assumption of the essential depravity of man. We do not mean to object to the doctrine of the essential depravity of human nature properly discriminated. Man, as distinctly man, does undoubtedly gravitate downward continually; but, the saving truth is, this nature or depravity is, in no case, so completely given over to itself as to be without a saving power in the divine spark creatively implanted *therein* beyond the creaturely power to obliterate. Man must be distinctly known and named as opposed to God; else it were absurd to say God *and* man. •Thus known, self-poised, he is surely in the most marked relation of oppugnance; at farthest possible remove from the divine perfection. This presupposes extreme depravity of man, *in himself*; and if left to this *self* his destruction were as certain as were destruction sure to the planet thrown out in complete independence of its central sun. The planet, in its essential nature, has no self-preserving and ordering property. It must utterly perish, without the power of solar attraction to hold it in due relation with solar light and heat.

The matchless glory of Infinite Wisdom is seen in this: while it defines the creature to himself by planting him in a nature and upon an axis directly opposed to itself, it holds that nature in firm subjection to the play of its own vital forces, by which it is sure to bring it into perfect orbital play,—into true relation and movement on its own axis,—and so perpetually glorify it with the immortal radiance and vitality of its own infinite bosom.

A doctrine that affirms the depravity or infirmity of the creature in a manner so absolute and positive as to exclude the inmost presence and power of God from the soul, thus utterly forbidding all hope for man (for how can *clear deprav-*

ity find the first foothold of approach to the divine? how can it have any will or choice except for evil?), is a doctrine so irrational and false as to shock every dictate of the enlightened reason and cultivated affections. Yet the truth of essential human depravity that is held and creatively vitalized by the eternal spark of God's Holy Spirit, is a truth not only requisite to poise man in a self-conscious or human nature—a sphere of his own,—but is one also in full accord with our best conceptions of the creative Perfection.

It is in this monstrous theologic structure that in affirming man's distinctive depravity feels it necessary to affirm the essential aloofness of God from this nature, which he himself wisely projected, that commands largely this autologic expression, and makes its affirmations frequently as monstrous as the system to which it gives its ministrations.

The leading formula of this work is: "Man, God, Nature." It claims to be "a vindication of the Manhood of Man, the Godhood of God, and the divine Authorship of Nature."

It is thus in direct antagonism with the Mosaic Cosmogony, which gives God "in the beginning," as the requisite starting point of creation, and then, under the flowing drapery of the universe as the vesture of the human mind, traces the structural order of that mind till it culminates in the fruition of perfect day,—man in the image and likeness of God. Thus the true formula of creative order is: God, Man, Divine-Man. God the *essential* creative Life, Man the *existential* form, or creature, and Divine-Man the *Substantial* Form; wherein the *Is* and the *ex-is* become one *Eternal Subsistence* in conscious Immortal Sonship.

This is simply an affirmation of the Christian Gospel, "the truth as it is in Jesus;" who came to full conscious oneness of God and Man in a Divine Humanity that found itself rooted in the glory had with the Father in the beginning, operating thence in the Light that played upon the darkness that comprehended not, and so became openly manifest and fully affirmed in a "first-fruit" of a new creation,—a divinely

matured human consciousness. And, strange to say, this ponderous *Autology*, proclaimed by the authority of a Rev. Doctor of Divinity, makes the least possible allusion to the Gospel of Christ, and gives no token of regarding that Gospel as the revelation of God's supreme Light in Jesus the Christ.

All nature, from highest to lowest, is only the vesture or furniture of the human mind. It is indispensable to anchor and fill up its knowledges and experiences. In so far, therefore, as the mind traverses, commands, and uses this grand providence, does it itself become lordly and commanding; does it arise in majesty and power.

Distinctive man is not and cannot be the key to all knowledge, both of God and nature, as boldly asserted by this "Autology." It is only the Divine-Man, — man so fulfilled in creative vitality and glory as to become consciously one with the Father, — the God-Man revealed in the Christian Gospel, — that becomes the key to all mysteries of both mind and matter. And it becomes grave D.D.s, in putting forth pompous claims to new and commanding systems in their own names, to betake themselves anew to the exhaustless fount of the Master, "of which if a man partake he shall never thirst;" and thereupon cease to propose new supplies in their own petty names and interests.

There is, emphatically, no truth, of any account to man, but the truth of Jesus as the only begotten Son of God; and, as such, the revelation of the conscious Divine-Humanity, — the God-Man. No "system" of science, philosophy, ontology, autology, or what not, can stand finally except it stand in and by this majestic Light. How strange, therefore, that learned *divines* should build in their own names, making man the centre and outpost, — when the commanding gospel truth, that makes God the only centre and his glorified Humanity the only illustrious circumference in perpetual oneness with that Centre, is so simple and available to fulfill all our needs.

It is true, as Mr. Hamilton affirms, that man can know the absolute; but it is not true that he can know it by and

from himself. Highest knowledge is *self-contained*, and inclusive of all lower knowledge. And man comes to know the absolute and infinite in his own life and experience, making him consciously one, by holy marriage with that infinite. It is not true that man can know the absolute directly "by consciousness" without experience, excepting as the infant knows the mother's breast. Man knows, *intelligently*, only by and through experience. Hence, before he can truly know the absolute (which, as Mr. Hamilton says, "is God, God alone") he must *experience* God's life in himself as only motor or inspiration of his daily existence. *He must know God from God*, or the divine in himself as the constant vital power of his life, — the centre of personality to him. Hence, however honest and true the spirit that dictates it, any formula that says, "Man, God, Nature," as a base of science or philosophy, institutes a perversion that is fruitful of all evils and falsities that can beset and distract the human mind, and is practically Atheistic, however it may seem to its author.

It is this rank diction of the self-hood in man's consciousness — making him so full and pompous in his own name as to exclude the creator from that consciousness, that John so forcibly berates in his epistles, as antichrist, — the anti or opposite of the gospel of Jesus Christ, — which gospel clearly reveals the conscious unity of God and Man in Divine-Human Life; God giving sole life and power, and man being the embodying form, glorified with this infinite presence and power. Not in fusion, whereby the minor term, at least, must become obliterated, but in a holy marriage whereby all of God's glory of life is felt and known in man's fullness, realized in and by this fullness of God.

Thus God, Man, Divine-Man, must be the only recognized formula for any truly *comprehensive* Mental Science, Philosophy, Theology; or, indeed, for any valid thought in any direction. The radical infirmity of all thought that is shaped by, or shapes, any other formula of creative order, is that of limitation, partiality, and exclusiveness. Such thought pivots upon special dogmas, and one-sided factors, that unbalance, distort, and falsify.

For instance: this "Autology" constantly takes account of the *absolute* and *relative*, while the *composite* or marriage term, which consciously unites absolute and relative, — creator and creature, — finds no definite recognition even though that is the very base and substance of the Christian gospel. Then, instead of holding these creative factors, absolute and relative, as spiritually related and only formally distinct, it practically assumes a distance and oppugnance between the two that, by every dictate of logic, is rigidly exclusive of each other; which surely forbids any hope of such a unity as takes place in Jesus of Nazareth, and through him is promised to Humanity. Yet seeing that this must be found an actual unity of the two terms, it contrives to *press* them together under the form of "identity," which of necessity excludes individuality or speciality of forms, and so practically annihilates both.

The order of creation is not partial, exclusive, selfish. It is impartial, inclusive, social. Hence, although the special or individual is to be found and kept distinctly in place, yet it is never to be truly found, — scientifically known and truly experienced, — except in and by the universal. Therefore, any formula or mental conception that rates the absolute and relative as actually exclusive of each other, or that brings them together only in "identity," must make a poor show as "a system of mental science." They are all-related by creative necessity; man being more impotent to disturb that relation than he is to disturb the relation of sun and planet in the solar system. Yet such relation is *formally consummated and consciously realized* only through final open marriage, from which alone true vital proliferation, either of thought or act, evermore proceeds. This, we may again affirm, is the commanding truth of the Christian Gospel, — a truth so large and comprehensive as not alone to illumine and illustrate the involved realities in distinctive theologic realms, but proving itself equally potent on all occasions.

Let us now formulate a full analysis according to the conceptions we have thus expressed.

# THE CREATIVE SERIES, ANALYZED AND DEFINED.

## VITAL SEED-FORM.

*Essential or Involved Elements of Creative Being* (Ingenerate). — The Unal or Homal Consciousness; The Dual or Viral Consciousness; The Trine or Homo-Viral Consciousness.

## DEVELOPING FORMS, OR GROWTH PROCESSES.

*First Degree of creative action in the creature* (Ingeneration). —  
1. God *felt* in the Homo as common life or essential vitality.  
2. God *felt* in the Homo as special life or essential individuality.  
3. God *felt* in the Homo as composite life or essential society.

*Second Degree of creative action in the creature* (Generation). —  
1. Initial Viral form, or self-hood Homally *experienced*. 2. Operant Viral form, or self-hood Virally *experienced*. 3. Composite Viral form, or self-hood Homo-Virally *experienced*.

*Third Degree of creative action in the creature* (Regeneration). —  
1. Initial Homo-Viral form: God in the composite experience.  
2. Operant Homo-Viral form, *evolving composite diversity*, — diverse forms of alliance or association. 3. Composite Homo-Viral form, *organizing composite harmony*: endeavor to unitize diverse combinations.

## DEVELOPED FORM, OR FRUIT.

*Creative Fruition or Final Form* (Plenogenerate). — 1. Initial Form as the given Logic of all Divine-Human Order. 2. Operant Form, giving distinct expression to this Logic in all special forms. 3. Composite Form, carrying this Logic *into universal play* as one stupendous wheel containing and ordering all minor wheels: all "living creatures" divinely *winged*, and "*full of eyes*," — making a full complex, in final order.

Of the underived, Creative Being (Ingenerate), we can say little here becoming our purpose, more than this: the constitutional elements here discriminated — the *one* in the *trine* — must become cognised, in the Light of the End, as indispensable to creative Life, creative Operation, and creative Order or result. And this being the essential law of *creative Being*, must be found the constant rule in *creative operation*, or human development. Indeed, to whatever extent we carry our analysis, this law of *trinity-in-unity*, as above rendered,



must be found the commanding solvent, — the divine alkahest and immutable touchstone.

Accordingly we have not only applied this law in an analysis of the *Developing Series* standing between *seed-form* and *fruit-form* but, in order to make all the requisite elements of that series as clear as possible, we have re-solved the primary constituents, thus triplifying this trine in a formal display of the creative elements in *human development* as distinct and potent as are the elements in the Arabic scale of notation that make the *nine* terms standing between basic zero (0) and ultimate ten (10).

This exposition seemed necessary to assure those who may be interested that our brief strictures upon "Autology" have a more potent base than any mere opinionional conjecture.

One will readily see that we can, on this occasion, make no becoming exposition of the various principles that pervade and find expression in this series; yet, we may say that the creator is *always* 'he only commanding vital power in creation; vitally *felt* by the creature' in the first developing degree, as a degree of growth in creative religions especially; rationally excluded, or unknown, by the pompous self-hood of the second developing degree, except as a form limited and distant from his work while yet most intimately present and powerful, in ways compatible with the needs of such self-experience by the creature; and, in the closing degree, — that of *fruition growth*, — he becomes livingly revealed, in most external realms, in a divine-human personality, or personal God-Man. This revelation is a token or promise of his final presence and power on earth in a conscious Divine Natural Humanity. But as the exigencies of human growth demand that conscious life and power to man shall be realized only through an experience that spiritually *appropriates* them to this human form or self-hood, the actual truth of the Divine Humanity of God revealed in Jesus must surely become obscured, as a reality of life for Man at large; while a *Holy Spirit* implanted in Humanity as God's inspirational power was left to work and "leaven the whole lump" through its operations in the long era of Christian Regeneration.

John gave the *form* of Christian Development in the baptism of water, — the baptism of Regeneration, — while Jesus gave the *spirit* of that development in the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost, the baptism of salvation, or Plenogeneration.

Another important truth becomes thus apparent, and demands a more distinct rendering. It is this: each form or degree in development has both an invisible spirit and a visible form. The *spirit* or inspirational power of one degree becomes the clearly manifest *form* in the succeeding degree in development. Thus Divine Human Order in human affairs, as the Church of Humanity, is developed unseen in Christian development, Christianity was developed unseen in Judaism, and Judaism was developed unseen in Patriarchalism; which in turn dwelt unseen in the creative loins. The recognition of this method in the creative economy will serve to relieve the mind of many perplexities in its endeavors to comprehend and explain the ways of Providence.

The manifest want in "Autology" is a consistency of apprehension whereby all the factors of special and general in creation shall be found full in power and accordant in expression. There is need of a discrimination that shall maintain the perfect integrity of the individual in the integrity of the universal. Diversity in unity by the law of marriage is the commanding truth of Providence that needs to hold and vitalize the thought to a proper sense of constant spiritual unity in creation. Not the unity of "identity;" not the conception of the "identity of knower and known" — the poor logic of pantheism, — can regulate the thought and give mental rest.

One marked feature of our analytic formula is the distinct expression and illustration it makes of the constant oneness of unity and diversity, — of universal and special, under all circumstances. The creative law that constantly holds *all in each and each in all*, stands in unbroken emphasis there; and also the method by which that reality becomes apprehended by the human mind is sufficiently clear, we trust.

"Autology" makes a tolerable drawing of the mind's residence, names the various apartments and furniture with

tedious skill and minuteness, not forgetting to recount all the particulars in their methods of use, but it does not introduce us to the lord of the premises, — the mind itself. It does not give us the essential elementary principles of its constitution as derived from the absolute ; the measured form of its operations in the elaboration of a thought or mental product of that constitution ; and the constitutional form of its maturity, wherein its exercises all proceed with infallible order, as the full, true law of mentality. It does not thus show how it comes to the exactest self-knowledge through divine fullness, — knowing *self and not self* as one ; not by "identity," but by conjugation or true marriage.

It is idle to enumerate categories as constituents of *mental science* unless we can formulate the elementary principles of the mind itself as based in the eternal Source, trace those principles into the full measure of its working powers, and find them duly embodied, finally, as the ordering law of all fullness. We must set forth, in one complete form, (1) the concrete or thetic elements ; (2) the discrete or antithetic elements ; (3) the composite or synthetic elements. In such a result we shall practically realize the grand conception of Swedenborg, which proclaims, "The greater is in the less, as the least is in the greatest."

The first element, as *Unity*, or the indefinite ; buries all in chaos, or the distressed deep of eternal monotone : the second, as *Duality*, diversity, or the definite ; releases, develops, specializes, and operates the *involved* complexity, in forms so diverse and collusive as to make discord, equally distressing : such diversity and discord, being essential to interpret the derived to itself in its own sphere ; and the pain of it being essential to a struggle for release from immature conditions in which, otherwise, there would be an inclination to rest. The third element, as *Trinity*, ordered alliance, or the composite ; organizes, relates, or combines according to the law of perfect harmony. In the condition indicated by the first term *alone*, there can be no experience of distinctively human intelligence ; for it is the realm of the absolute or unrelated : but it gives the indispensable base to such in-

telligence ; as *no-thing*, or space, is the requisite base of the intelligible *thing*, in the realm of sense.

The second term covers the element of the *distinctive human* intelligence and experience ; and makes the essential cognitive base of the highest ; as, without the knowledge and experience of discordance, we would have no aspiration for harmony, nor capacity to comprehend it.

The third term indicates the element of full divine intelligence ; for it involves the matchless glory of creative end ; whereby all monotone becomes distributed in unlimited diversity, and all diversity, with the painful dissonance incidental to immature conditions, becomes constructed into ever-varying forms of divinest harmony amid new and newer surprises and delights continually.

If we make our analysis and definitions tolerably clear, one instantly sees that instead of this distinctive human or dual term (Mr. Hamilton's first and commanding term) furnishing the base of full scientific cognition of the recognized spheres of "Autology," — the absolute and relative, — it necessarily distorts, antagonizes, limits, perverts, and falsifies continually. So far as its power extends it knows, sees, and does all things in and by its own light. Whatever man knows or does from the human self-hood distinctively, — from dualism or the distracting principle of self-love as opposed to fraternal or divine love, — is necessarily perverse, partial, and painful in results. All the horrid theologic dogmas that have impressed the human mind, and belched forth in the most shocking deeds of inhumanity, were simply the reflex and normal play of the crude forces native to this mediate, or human, sphere. And when we say *mediate* we mean to imply more than *immediate* ; the only related sphere given by this "Autology." The *mediate* is a mediatorial or transitional form, standing between basic *immediate* and crowning *ultimate*. It cannot be mediate unless it stands forth from the immediate, and conducts to the ultimate.

As in the earth's shadow, during the night, we may look out and observe and trace stellar facts and forms, so, from the dense shadow of the distinctive human form, — the night

of dualism, — we may recognize many useful facts of angelic ministrations ; but we thus surely miss the matchless lumen of the Central Sun of life, which, in glorifying our own sphere with its own intrinsic glory, shuts off the flickering vigils of the night in the glowing presence of Immortal Day.

And as the earth in shadow is bound to its central power as securely as when in light, so man, the creature, while in the dense darkness of the mind that comes from the shadow of his self-hood as it stands between his soul and its Central Being, is not less surely poised in the eternal grasp ; though, of course, the manifold goods that cluster around to serve him, can only become realized through the vital power and lumen of the central heat and light of God's Day playing in upon him. As Mr. Henry James so pertinently suggests : the use of sunlight is not to invite our gaze into the sun itself, — a folly sure to be visited with blindness, if persisted in, — but to reveal to us the glories of that light *in our own immediate realm*. It is Immanuel, God with us, — illustrating and glorifying our own nature with his majestic presence and power in all our daily life and experiences, that is to us the only satisfying and saving reality. And such is the life revealed as the promise of the Christian Gospel : not as a life external to us, pressing upon us in *demands* of fealty and subjection that enslave and prostrate, but as most intimately one with us, — bridegroom of the soul and we the bride.

Let us henceforth cease to propose anything as competent mental science or philosophy that does not faithfully discriminate, so that we may intelligently say God *and* Man ; and, that at the same time does not compel us to cognize the eternal unity of God, both in being and existence, as centred and known in the Substantial Trinity of the conscious Divine Natural Humanity. Let our intelligence be constantly inclusive and never absolutely exclusive. Let us know both *Being* and *Existence*, but know them truly in their essential relative order. We must thus hold :

First, the *essential* unity of God and Man *in creative base*.

Second, the *existential* diversity of God and Man in *creative operation*.

Third, the *substantial*, conscious conjunction of God and Man in *created result*, — the actualized Divine Humanity that "was with God in the beginning and was God;" and that shined and operated unbeknown in the darkness of human nature as it stood forth in its own distinct form.

Here it is that we strike the key-note of all the harmonies, and open the way to the solution of all mysteries, of both absolute and relative. But not, as assumed by Mr. Hamilton's "system of mental science" in "Autology," *from man by man*; but, *from God as creative cause, through man, as creative means, by Divine Man, as created end*.

We have had no thought of making, in a mere periodical essay, any approach to a competent review of the work under consideration, — a work which exhibits much skill and acuteness of thought, and considerable power of analysis and definition. We have mainly aimed to expose a radical infinity, — a basic perversion, — that must of necessity deform the superstructure and render it utterly incompetent to house the human mind in a comprehensive "system of mental science."

In doing this we make use of no *man's system*, — no human power or authority, more or less. But we have tried to indicate the diction of God's Eternal Providence, as it found itself openly revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the promise of a glory yet to come on earth in a Divine Natural Humanity, wherein Science, Philosophy, Life, all centre in ineffable splendors. It is such authority, — old as God and fresh and new as the morning, to which we bow in delightful allegiance; owning no morsel thereof as our personal property, — as any man's system; yet freely apprehending and using as the inspirational supply of life, not less essential to the soul's health and vigor, than pure air, as the inspirational supply of the lungs, is essential to physical health and vigor.

Standing thus in the strength and lumen of Him who Was, Is, and Is to Come, we challenge all the powers of anti-christ to gainsay or annul.

## HOME EDUCATION, OR KINDERGARTENS.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

WAS there any happy childhood before Froebel was born, or will a future Champollion decipher from some old stone the astounding fact that children's building-blocks had taught the infant Egyptians to erect the pyramids, and that the lotus flourished in little earthen pots in Nile Kindergartens, over which presided motherly old Sphinxes, unconscious of the law of contrasts!

We are not ungrateful for Froebel's birth, nor would we be unwilling to celebrate its anniversary by a repetition of childish songs tinged with gentle morality; but we would like to have Froebel's ghost acknowledge that any mother, who was neither insane, wicked, nor idiotic, nor was in herself a Kindergarten. The nursery life, or rather the domestic life of ordinary children, cultivates the imagination and calls out the very faculties on which Froebel insists. Any parent could tell touching stories of the readiness with which a ninepin is turned into a doll or chairs into horses, and of the magnanimous condescension with which cardboard book-marks on bits of tin are presented to parent or brother. A natural child life is creative. Toys are destroyed to be re-created, self-activity is but the other side of self-preservation, the child runs to attain an end, or to protect himself from a big boy, and invents games and constructs wonderful machines to save himself from *ennui*. Surely imagination, self-exertion and generosity were latent in the first monkey. Mothers have always acted more or less unconsciously on the principles that doing is the surest means of knowing, and that careful observation leads to clear conception: Froebelian maxims, which are embodied in the American domestic terms of, "Why dont you see," "Do it yourself," "Try again."

The beauty of Froebel's system lies in the careful analysis he has made of the child's powers, it is the construction of a philosophy of the youthful mind. He has given reasons for



the very methods on which action had been based by parents for ages, often without the parent knowing that he or she were proceeding in accordance with "laws of growth." The development of these methods or laws into a system with the best means for their application is what Froebel has done for mothers, and if the recognition of his great services to humanity could be established on this ground, we should not be guilty of the spite in which we indulge towards him, when his claims are brought forward as the inventor of the best education, as he could not invent what had always existed. St. Augustine said that Christianity had always existed, but when Christ came, it began to be called Christian; so Kindergartens have always been extant in every common sense family, but were not designated as such until Froebel named them.

Kindergartening is as much in the constitution of every true mother as her ability to caress her children; but when asked if she has educated them in accordance with the law of contrasts, or has brought out their threefold relation to the universe, she, frightened at the heavy responsibilities to which she has suddenly awaked, only, remembers, she gave her baby a ball, because it would not hurt the little thing (if she had only known that it was the most comprehensive of all forms), and then a block for the sake of variety (ignorant again of the law of contrasts), or half apologetically she thinks of her irregular attempts to lead her child towards the divine in God and in nature, and to be helpful to its mates. We have heard mothers, whose lives, and the result of whose lives in their children, would have won admiration from Froebel, deprecate their course of action and wish they had known of those principles by which, through love, they had always acted.

Theoretically, home life exists alike among rich and poor, but practically, a mother who goes out washing by the day, and has ten children, cannot superintend their cleanliness nor education as thoroughly as the mother who rests at home while the father provides a comfortable income. Thus arises a difference in the manner in which the same care

should be extended to both. No mother of ordinary health and means of expenditure should send her children to any kind of a school until they are seven years old. (The classes of six or seven little folks meeting for two or three hours in the morning in a friend's luxurious home can hardly be included among ordinary schools). Of course, children are noisy, and maternal nerves irritable, but it is also maternal duty to disguise irritability. Some hypocrisy is needed in a well-ordered home. A school-room may be ventilated on hospital principles, the lesson may be easy or non-existent, the attendance short or unpunctual, yet there is a slight excitement in the presence of others, and in the emulation, unavoidable while one is a human being, to which a child's brain should not be subjected, until it has grown quite strong, until he has learnt to reconcile himself to little grievances, and can turn from one lesson or subject to another without a tired look in his eyes. These mental habits depend upon the health of the general system, seven years of as much outdoor life as can be gained, and a "laissez aller," principle hovering over parental care. Seven years is but a typical period which some children attain at six, others at eight or nine. Froebel's ghost has been heard to whisper that if he had prescribed for America he should have allowed children to read at five, as there is a difference of two years in the infantile, national growth here and in Germany; but then ghosts are never reliable sources of information.

These objections to school-life prevail as strongly against Kindergartens as against other schools. Routine and well-directed play is fatiguing; card-pricking, weaving, observation of angles is as absorbing as a, b, c; and absorption, be it even a healthy interest in any ordered subject, is not as wise as spontaneous play, uncontrolled by older heads. A child then chooses the mental strength of his amusements according to what he individually can digest.

The circumstances of poor children demand different treatment. When the mother must leave them (aunts and guardians are an invention of the wealthier classes, for everybody must labor if poor), it is far better for them to be in school

than at home in attic, cellar or alley, and often, even when the mother is at home, the air and mental influences of the school-room are more wholesome than the perfume of cabbage and drying clothes, the wearied epithets and rough handling of the house. The teacher's task is harder: dreams of the elevation of humanity must mingle with her thoughts of paid labor. For such children, going at the early age of three and four, Froebel's lessons and the habits of kindness inculcated towards each other are of incalculable benefit, better than any reading or spelling. Therefore as a large portion of the community is composed of the laboring classes, Kindergartens should hold a place in the public instruction given, and it is most earnestly to be desired that the school-board should delay no longer in incorporating them into our common school system, especially in those districts where the greater part of the population cannot afford to educate their children at home. These schools should be taught by thorough teachers, for while every good mother is in virtue of her being a Kindergarten, it requires executive ability and skilled practice to conduct a school. These hashes and botches and American imitations and ornamentations of, and additions to, and subtractions from, the original design of Froebel are abortive and pernicious. A teacher must learn to be a Kindergarten as carefully as to be a Harvard candidate. She must not only understand the principles, but do the "work," as it is technically called, must not only sing but know how to play heartily, and have large descriptive powers, besides all the other good qualities that anybody and everybody ought to possess. We do not doubt that if it were wise to educate a child in strict accordance with Froebel's principles he would emerge into a charming, well-educated youth.

The point is, — that it is not wise to begin *any direct school* education before seven, and that at seven the child, under any ordinary healthful home influence, is in a condition to do much better things than are required by Froebel. The child should not be sent to school until old and strong enough to study, — and then he should study, this is the second point of insistence. In Utopia a child at *home* begins at the age

of five with three minutes of close study on the alphabet, its eyes, legs, and arms held intent by the mother's eyes during that period. What study there is should be thoroughly thorough. At the end of six months, the child is accustomed to close, continuous application for five or ten minutes twice a day. We say at home, because they are then removed from all the excitement of companionship, and learn concentration of thought more easily than if surrounded by other sights, even if the distraction is only that of two or three schoolmates. Then, by the time the child is seven, it will be able to give this close application from ten to twenty minutes, three or four times a day, and at school a teacher cannot give so much time to each child alone, nor has she the whole day at her command, through which these intervals can be interspersed. It is this failure in thorough, intense work at the very outset that infects all the rest of mental progress throughout life; but let it be observed that no child's brain is capable of such real effort, prolonged beyond what to adults seems an infinitesimal period. Neither do we believe that going to school should be called play. Children have too good a time at Kindergartens; by and by they have got to be aware that they are learning and that school means work. Duties should not be sweetened. The child's moral sense should keep pace in its development with his affections and physical strength.

Yet as soon as any generalization on education begins, the admirableness is felt of much that Froebel has said; by which all classes in a community could wisely profit, while in practice only those who cannot do better should accept his method. A child, he has said, must learn through real "*hervornbringen*" of himself. Childhood's plays should aim to develop both body and mind. Give the child nothing ready made, only the materials for play, the transformation of which, combining work and play, is effected through rule and law. "*Von dem Gegebenen das Gegentheil zu thun.*" The child in its own way lives through the principal epochs of historical development. The happy feeling of the equal activity of all its strength is created through play, activity becoming

custom, by the repetition of certain play exercises, and all having some result. There would be too much pressure upon the need of play if it were not supplemented later by the noble words that "a child's life must begin with fulfilment of duties that its future life may be moral." A child proceeds from the concrete to the abstract. Experimental knowledge must be connected with both words and subjects: a knowledge of form comes before speech.

Unfortunately perhaps for the reception of these and other similar ideas, they are mingled with a great deal that to the American practical mind seems tedious and sentimental; the very language in speaking of the emotions and privileges of motherhood and the reverence for childhood excites a feeling of rebellion. These same truths are believed in a sincere, homely fashion, to which his vein of loving, half religious earnestness is distasteful. It is like calling every virtue by the name of a flower. "My dear, have you worn the violet to-day?" asked some one of a child, intending thereby to express the hope that she had been modest in her behavior.

Object lessons are not a necessary part of the true Kindergarten, though often wisely employed in it. At a real Kindergarten a child enters at three or before then, not learning his letters there, nor indeed until after he is seven and has graduated into a higher department. Materials, not books, are given him with which to work; the eye and hand receive special training, and activity of the body is encouraged in certain stated directions. All this is excellent, provided the child must go to school. But at home, activity can have as wide a range, as numerous materials can be given in clay, paper, sand, sticks, &c., while the child can truly learn the simple arts of housekeeping, if a girl; or if a boy, can become a miniature machinist or carpenter. In the Utopia already referred to the girl is the mechanic, the boy the housekeeper, and both boy and girl have learned to use the indispensable tool of all work, reading, and the power of concentration which cannot be taught at an early age in any school consisting of more than two or three children.

The manner in which arithmetic is taught is pronounced

extraordinarily good, yet if Froebel had not known that the mothers of ancient days taught counting by various kinds of separate articles, would he ever have thought of tying up sticks into bundles of ten and teaching the four rules by them? Euclid's mother probably played shop with her son, who bought of and sold to her innumerable Grecian toys, she aware that he was thus acquiring addition and subtraction. Home is an admirable place for geography. The concoction of spice cake furnishes an excellent occasion for a lengthy journey. One can sail round the whole world building islands and continents out of tables and chairs. Many story books are not half as interesting as Miss Hall's "Our World," which has furnished endless material for imagination and play and knowledge. Some children are insatiable in their demands to have books read to them. Is it not better to substitute for it story telling of real and make-believe events, letting reading be the magic treasure to which the child alone shall possess the "open sesame." Composition would not be such a painful task in later years, if the child had been accustomed to indulge his imagination under the direction of its parents and to relate what it had remembered or experienced with dramatic effect.

It is doubtful whether an American mind could ever have developed a system so exhaustive in resource and rich in detail, appointing something for everything, in every place and at all times. It must have proceeded from a man not born in a free country, and to whom protection in the European sense of the word seemed advisable in education as well as in trade.

Let every mother who can train her child in the good old-fashioned way, with a judicious interweaving of modern progress, do so, and let her who has not the time send her child to the Kindergarten, but let the mother yield not to the first temptation of fatigue or society or pressure of fall or spring work and therefore dismiss her child from the every-day and all-day influence of home and its kitchen, which will give the truest moulding for future intellectual development,



## A LESSON FROM THE TREES.

BY A. B. MUZZEY.

AT the recent meeting of the American Society for the advancement of science, a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress to pass an act for the preservation of our forest trees from destruction. The subject is one of importance, viewed in many aspects. On sanitary, æsthetic, and moral grounds, it is to be hoped something will be speedily done to arrest the ignorant and wanton destruction of these noble works of nature, so beneficently scattered by the Creator through this vast territory, and for the good of our whole people.

Look at the subject in a religious light. The Scriptures abound in illustrations drawn from every object in nature; but none are more copious and striking than those taken from the trees. Eden was supplied with them in every form and variety: there stood "the tree of life," and there "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." And as this favorite source of imagery occurs in the beginning of the Bible, so it does onward, and at its close. What the book of Genesis inaugurates, the book of Revelation concludes, exhorting us so to live that we "may have a right to the tree of life."

And we should not be surprised at this feature of the Bible; for, while trees abound in utility, no part of nature is more pregnant with suggestions that gratify the taste, and few are more fertile in moral instructions.

First, the sacred writer affirms that the Lord God created for man "every tree that is pleasant to the sight;" and he then adds, "every tree that is good for food." Beauty and use,—it seems to be God's great plan everywhere to unite these two.

We should be grateful for the physical uses of trees. Nothing more refreshes us in mid-summer than one of these stately benefactors by the wayside, standing over its appropriate area of shadow, and inviting the weary traveller to rest



under its wing. On its boughs the gay bird builds its nest by day and folds its tired head for the night; here myriads of insects find their home and their subsistence; and often its rich drippings nourish fern, lichen, and moss. Trees generate moisture, and in some latitudes they distil water, like springs, and quench the thirst of man and beast. On the mountain-top they give rise to rivulets; and finally to vast rivers. When God placed in Eden "every tree that is good for food," he provided a great storehouse from which nations have drawn bread, sugar, honey, and fruit of countless varieties. And, as in health, so in sickness they minister liberally to our wants. The consumptive inhales vigor in the region of the redolent pine and fir. Under the soothing of the lime tree in the south, fever is said to abate; and to some races they furnish their whole pharmacopœia. On their northern sides the trees are often covered with a coating of gray lichens; and these are taken advantage of,—under a kind Providence,—as a compass to guide the otherwise lost traveller through the ancient and pathless forests. They not seldom preserve the mountain and hill, by their gnarled roots, from being washed away by the rushing torrent; and they cling to the river's bank to save it from the same calamity.

So multiplex are the offices of trees while they stand and grow on; and when they are felled, they build for us our habitations, and rear our merchant ships and navies. By their winter ministrations at the fireside they ward off frost and death. We can enumerate but a part of their services before we feel called to join in the song of praise to the Lord, who pours out from this source such manifold blessings; and not upon man alone, but upon "beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl," and calls them to unite in gratitude with "mountains and hills, and fruitful trees."

Entering now the realm of beauty, no landscape, we perceive, is perfect in which the tree is wanting. Without it, the plain is cold and flat; and the prairie is desolate, the valley is bare, and the mountain bleak and bald. What so adorns the river as overhanging and abundant trees, engraving their fair forms on its stilly nooks, and ever and anon,

with coy movement, hiding each bend and waterfall, and giving us glimpses only of the stream, as we pass. On the broad meadow God sets up here and there one of these lay figures on which he exhibits the splendor of nature's variegated and aerial wardrobe.

When the Creator would bring before us the grand procession of the seasons, he presents us, as spring opens, each tree, glistening and hopeful with its bursting buds, and the orchard radiant with its snow-banks of blossoms. And now they help that grand jubilee concert in which the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. Then summer comes, rendered delicious by the depths of its freshly robed forests; and autumn follows, bright with the luscious and ruby pear and the golden or flaming apple. And who shall write out—or attempt it—the regal display of our autumnal foliage? Now comes winter, when,—

“The woods, erewhile armed in gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stand, like some sad, beaten hosts of old,  
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.”

Can we enough admire those boughs, sculptured and naked, yet not always naked, but at times clad in hoar frost, and glittering with crystals and brilliants?

God has provided in the tree for every diversity of tastes. Do you enjoy forms? See here their countless varieties. On this side tall, and far up branchless, they stand erect and full of dignity; covered perhaps with an umbelliferous and velvet mantle. On that side, they are rounded in perfect proportions, or in the negligé posture and wide outspreadings of nature. Here they stand side by side, as if with studied harmony; there they are emulous of all possible contrasts in size and figure. What geometry they sometimes furnish,—every angle, curve, line, and point described. And what architecture they exhibit! The Gothic arch, the Doric massiveness and strength, the Tuscan simplicity, Corinthian slenderness and grace, or Ionic majesty. See how each beam and brace in this framework sustains its appointed part. Notice

how each nice articulation of branch, bough and twig suggests something to the artist, and expands and fertilizes his genius. Are you pleased with the law of motion and its complex developments? Watch this tree, as it sways hither and thither, upward and downward, illustrating each grace by its sweep and dance. Or mark the forest, dimpled by the slight breeze or bowing before the tempest; and read in it all a lesson, —

“Beauty, and life, and motions, as of joy;  
Nor doubt that He, to whom yon pine trees nod  
Their heads, in sign of worship, — nature’s God, —  
Such humble adorations will receive.”

If colors interest you, — and, as another well says, “Of all God’s gifts to man, color is the holiest, the most solemn, the most divine,” — then study the rich hues of the trees. Observe the effects of light upon the foliage from morning till night. Now, in the early hours, we have almost a pure cerulean tint; and now an advance in mid-day from faintest shades on to the richest emerald. As you pass through the several gradations and species of trees, you may see here a chrome bright, there an aqua-marine blue, there again a berylline pale, and there finally, a yellow, or warmly shaded green. In the afternoon the tree takes on a sombre aspect; the waning sun slides slowly down its verdant bank; and nightfall approaches, —

“When the long level sunbeams  
Shoot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking thus its shields and shadows.”

Erelong the green is changed to amethyst, and just before sunset, —

“The forest glows as if  
An enemy’s camp-fires shone  
Along the horizon.”

Suppose we enjoy the scenery of mountains. What is it without trees? Usually a rocky pile, unsightly and repulsive. But add to it trees, and you have not only their æsthetic value in ordinary situations, but frequently trees which grew stiffly on the level plain, assume curves of combined strength

and beauty, as they bend against the mountain side; they appear to rejoice as, with emulous strife, they each lift their topmost boughs above their low, inconspicuous brothers. Mark them as they mingle zones of an ever-green growth, fir, pine, spruce, it may be, with the duller ranks of the deciduous beech or hornbeam. See, as you scale the mountain, how the luxuriant productions of tropical regions decline in size through the growth of temperate latitudes, until on the summit you reach the dwarf and shrub of arctic climes.

To one whose ear is attuned to harmonious sounds, or who likes diversities of airs and dissonant cadences, I commend the tones of the trees. Penetrate the deep and rugged forest, and you are struck, perhaps painfully at first, by its silence. No bird is there; and scarcely the cheery little squirrel; but emerge from its gloom, and what a multitude of notes each tree is sending forth. The ash sighs, and the beech shrieks, the elm sings, the pine whistles, competitor of old ocean; the aspen whispers, and the oak roars in its majesty. Rippling among the branches go the free winds; and, looking in turn on each particular tree, you utter the spontaneous testimony, —

“Thou, nature, givest me all thy summer confidences;  
Whether my heart with hope or sorrow trembles,  
Thou sympathizest still.”

And we can find a large storehouse of emblems in this same quarter. If men are meditating on the several forms of government, the Czar of Russia sees his justification in the grand oak, monarch of the plain, wearing his regal robe and his broad crown studded with gems of purest ray. England discovers in each clump of fair and tall trees a symbol of nature in support of her peers and nobility; while America vindicates her democracy by the common bond which encircles, preserves, and perpetuates each richly wooded plain and mountain forest.

And what a world of associations, tender, grand, pleasing, and patriotic, too, cluster around the trees. It was under a brave elm that Washington drew his sword when he took the

command of the army of our Revolution; and who cannot fancy that the wood-clad mountains stand up now as the champions and vindicators of our civil and religious liberties? We looked on them in the days of our late sad war; and that cone-bearing peak, firm and dauntless, represented the old chieftain, invincible in defence of our precious institutions; that young tree put forth its strong arm like the youthful hero, bearing the sword to protect the Republic; and those deep forests rose, rank upon rank, serrated and embattled, and led on by the God of armies and God of nature, to an assured victory.

If we are musing on the far-distant past, we come to Abraham, father of the faithful, sitting under the oak at Mamre, forecasting the destinies of his Providential race, running down in imagination through king, judge, poet, prophet, until he should come who was to wear the diadem of a world-wide, all-conquering sovereignty, Lord of lords under Jehovah, King of kings. The box and the fir were used of old to adorn God's sanctuary, and the palm branch waved, as hosannas rang in praise of the Redeemer. On the Mount of Olives, — the olive forever after a sacred tree, — would Jesus sit down, and rest his weary frame, and lift up his soul to the Father. In the shades of Gethsemane, he wept for the doom of humanity; and on the fated tree he poured out his blood, — costliest of offerings for sinning, yet not hopelessly lost man.

Could the trees only speak again, as they did in Jotham's parable, what revelations they would make of the everlasting God. The cedars of Lebanon, with the shadows of thousands of years resting under their boughs, say to us, "As the days of a tree are the days of my people." They preach to us of the unchanging goodness of God, and of that mighty work of Christ, by which the tree of the Lord, which he once planted on the plains of Judea, shall send out its boughs to the sea, and its branches to the rivers, until the nations are converted to our blessed faith; and everywhere shall come up the divine fir tree, a sign that shall not be cut off.

We can never indeed ponder aright this noble part of God's

works without being lifted into a high moral region. They teach us, by their undeviating adherence to God's great law, in their receptiveness and growth, to seek nourishment everywhere for the mind, and advance our lifelong in the truth. As we see the constant progress in this kingdom from the small herb to the modest shrub, and thence to the aspiring tree, we are prompted to add to our intellectual and moral resources daily ; and cultivate that power by which we can pierce the secrets of nature, and improve the taste which shall enjoy her forms and hues, and enlarge the imagination through her kindling and inspiring works.

There is no better teacher of the social virtues, short of the divine Master himself, than one of these sylvan monitors. Look at the lone tree on the plain ; to pass over its thousand other kindly offices, it is God's minister at large, by inhaling through its expanded lungs that carbon which is fatal to man, and exhaling the vivifying oxygen on which he lives and breathes. See the grove, a company which sustain each other against blast and peril, and rejoice together in sunshine and shower. Their roots give as well as receive nutriment beneath the upper soil ; and their branches, starting from well-arranged nodes, blend harmoniously side by side ; and while they open their leafy hands outward, they extend their liberal arms to bless all around them. As the firm tree offers its boughs to the vine, and upholds its dependent tendrils, so may we that are strong learn to bear the infirmities of the weak. The expanding sycamore, which enlarges within and throws off year by year its binding and scaly bark, should instruct us, the longer we live, the more to increase in an infelt and sincere benevolence, and divest ourselves of the cleaving curse of selfishness. Trees confirm the great truth that in nature nothing lives to itself alone ; and so they each stand up as an aid to the cross, and reiterate the sacred command of the Saviour, "Deny thyself."

The aspiring larch lifts its delicate hand with a finger-point to heaven, quickening us to look up in faith and aspiration and prayer. The elm, often robing its straight shaft in rich foliage, bids us, as we rise in devotion toward the Father,

to clothe ourselves in our common life with every Christian and advancing grace. We learn humility from the lowly banyan, which drops its boughs modestly, ever and anon taking hold of the earth. In the rock-maple we see how solidity and sweetness may be combined in the character. As we pass from stage to stage in life, the persistent evergreen instructs us to keep our spirits always young. And when we are old, "in the sere and yellow leaf" of this-passing life, as each bough is falling, the denuded trunk may stand on, a memorial of the bygone goodness of God, making us grateful for continued benefactions, and so calling us to prepare ourselves in every period of life for its final days.

While we are in health, we should be like the tree that is planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth fruit in our season, full of industry and usefulness. And if we are sick, let not our sickness be to a moral death, but the leaves that fall should be for the healing of others, our patience and submission should drop on those around us, and sink into and fructify their souls. And under all circumstances we ought to cultivate that cheerfulness which rays out from the woodland in mid-summer; and we are to unite with the trees of the field in singing of the never-failing presence of the Lord.

So it will prove that every part of our discipline will tend to our spiritual progress. We shall be incited by the good tree, which so elaborates the juices of its exterior part as to increase its heart-wood, as life rolls on with its multiform outward experiences, to grow in purity of heart. Perplexed sometimes, and locked fast apparently by some passing trouble, we must turn to that Being, who, as he takes care of each particular tree and shrub, in the jungle and thicket, rescues also the trusting soul, and brings it at last to sit beneath the beamings of his ever-kind Providence. The darkest events will thus become light, and we shall earlier or later see that —

"All are blossoms upon one tree;  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of eternity."

Walking by the heavily laden orchard, a voice says to our



inner man, "The tree is known by its fruit." We need right purposes and right affections. The beginning of all excellence must be light and love, or, as God usually educates the soul, first love then light. But to every good resolution we must add a good deed; to each gracious affection, a life of corresponding breadth and depth. It is very possible there may be leaves many, but none persistent; blossoms there may be to abundance, and still no fruit. But God demands fruit. We cannot know ourselves until what we wish culminates in what we do. So deceitful is the human heart that it is always in danger of being intoxicated with the bright hues and the rich fragrance of life's moral blossoms.

Perhaps you ask, Why are not good thoughts enough? If we desire to be excellent persons: if we often sigh for the lot and life of the genuine and consistent Christian, what more can a merciful God require? The extreme of his demands, some imagine, is that we pray for a heart "right in his sight." But where did men learn this? God tells us in many ways that good thoughts, and desires, and sighings, and supplications have their place in the character. But only as the bud has its place, which is to precede something better, the fully developed leaf. The bloom of the peach is naught, elegant as it otherwise would appear, unless it shall remain on, set for fruit, and actually produce that fruit. Harken then to that higher word uttered to thy spirit-tree, "By thy fruits shall thou be known."

And let it be no narrow range of moral productiveness that shall satisfy your desires. Everywhere let your character be arborescent, full of vigor and vitality. So will you perceive that "no forest in its summer pride can measure with a perfect man." So will you be awake to the glories that every day encircle your path, and discover that, —

"Earth's filled with Heaven;  
And every common bush afire with God."

In each sunny day you will be cheerful and grateful for the goodness of our Father in Heaven; you will be like the trees of the field, which clap their hands at the presence of the

Lord. And if trial, bereavement, and sorrow come, though, like the moss-clad pine of the South, you then wear the "garlands of death," yet patient and trustful you will wait for your redemption. And at last instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier, the myrtle; and it shall be an everlasting token between you and your God. You will be like the goodly tree which never stands idle, leafless, peeled, and blackened while its sap is yet unexhausted, but lives on and on, and dies only by disease or accident. Your existence, here and hereafter, will have its symbol in "the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits and yielding its fruit every month."

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#### THE COCKEREL OF THE NEW BRICK ON HIS CAMBRIDGE PERCH.

[A late number of "The Congregationalist" (September 18th) announced the resurrection in Cambridge of the noted weathercock that figured for a century and a half in Boston, on the church in Hanover Street formerly known as the "New Brick" or the "Cockerel Church." This relic of the olden time—one of the four relics remaining of the ancient meeting-house of 1721—is again doing duty on the new church edifice erected by the Shepard Society, in Old Cambridge, opposite the Washington Elm, having been purchased for its antiquarian interest rather than its artistic beauty.

Drake, in his "Old Landmarks of Boston," tells us that "the 'New Brick,' or the 'Cockerel Church,' was built in 1721, and originally came out of the New North Church." "A fierce controversy at the ordination of Mr. Thacher, as pastor of the New North Church, caused the division which led to the formation of the society of the 'New Brick.'" The chief ground of opposition, as far as appears, was what, in these less scrupulous days, would be smiled at as an over-strained and antiquated notion,—namely, that it was wrong in a society to take a minister from the place in which he was settled, and wrong in him to forsake the flock over which he had been

solemnly ordained. The dissatisfied minority withdrew, and immediately took measures to build another church in the same street. Mr. Ephraim Eliot, in his "Historical Notices of the New North Society," published in 1822, says, "They placed the figure of a *cock* as a vane upon the steeple, out of derision to Mr. Thacher, whose Christian name was *Peter*. Taking advantage of a wind which turned the head of the cock towards the New North, when it was placed upon the spindle, a merry fellow straddled over it, and crowed three times, to complete the ceremony."

In 1779, the Second Church — whose house of worship, the Old North, had been demolished, under Lord Howe's orders, during the siege of Boston, in 1775, to supply the British soldiery and the Tories with fuel — consummated a formal union with the church of the New Brick, under an agreement that the churches thus united should be, and be called, the Second Church. With the settlement of Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., in 1817, this church, like almost all of the early Congregational churches in Boston, became avowedly Unitarian, and was one of the most active and flourishing of these churches. The venerable cockerel was still continued in office on the new church edifice, erected in 1845, in place of the old, — passing, in 1849, into the hands of the Methodists, when, in consequence of the great changes that have taken place in city residence, the society, under Rev. Dr. Robbins, found it necessary to remove to a more central and desirable location; as they have now, after eighteen years of good work in the church of the Saviour in Bedford Street, just laid, with appropriate ceremonies and addresses, the corner-stone of a new house of worship in Boylston Street. In the severe gale of Sept. 8, 1869, the spire was blown down, crushing several houses in its descent. The cockerel, flying off from his perch, found his way, through a neighbor's roof, into a room where supper was preparing. He was very seriously damaged; but was put in good repair, and carefully preserved by the "Hanover-Street Methodist Society," until recently purchased by the committee of the Shepard Society, in Old Cambridge, where, with other emigrants from the city, he seems to enjoy, in his old age, the less noisy atmosphere of the literary suburb.]

HIGH on the church-top, swinging in the wind,  
Blow it hot, blow it cold, blow wet or blow dry,  
My watch-post I keep, and my business I mind,  
As I signal the breezes that sweep through the sky.

A sturdy old bird of the game-cock breed,  
I was born in the quarrel that built the New Brick,  
When mounting the spire, like a knight on his steed,  
Bold challenge I gave to New North and Old Nick.

Dost remember the story that tells of the fall  
Of him who his Master so basely denied,  
When twice, sharply echoed from wall to wall,  
His message of warning the chanticleer cried?

So stood I aloft on the day when I rose —  
So they say — to put *Peter*, of Weymouth, to shame,  
And gave him a Scripture salute of loud crows,  
As the crowd on the street gave low jeers to his name.

A bitter church-schism began my career,  
But softened by time the old feud died away;  
Like a stream, battle-stained, that works itself clear,  
As it flows in its course further on to the bay.

And when a half-century old I had grown,  
Had seen Bunker Hill, wreathed with smoke, running blood,  
And God's house, the Old North, profanely chopped down,  
To feed the cook's fires for John Bull's red-coat brood,

The church in its exile and ours became one,  
Fast married amid the war-storm of the time;  
And still at my post under cloud-veil and sun  
I saw far below me the street-pantomime.

Across the two centuries stretches my life,  
Many years I've outlived the fair home of my birth,  
Till from my proud height the wind's hurricane strife  
Hurled new spire and old cockerel down to the earth.

I am stricken in years, but good work I can do,  
As the church-folks in Cambridge so wisely have thought;  
When, finding me caged, while the four winds still blew,  
My powers left to rust to new service they've brought.

A goodly church homestead once more I have found;  
On the Washington elm well-pleased I gaze down,  
On the halls of fair Harvard, on homes world-renowned,  
And all the new glories that grace the old town.

Here the North and the South wind, the East and the West,  
I welcome alike, each is good in its way:  
Not mine to decide which of all is the best;  
I turn as they turn, like the Vicar of Bray.

And whether the people that worship below  
Through Calvin's green spectacles read in the Book,  
Or the creed of the Puritans overboard throw,  
With a Gallio's eye on their changes I look.

I, who swung over Waldron,\* swung round over Ware,  
And saw the crowds flocking to drink in his word,  
And when the disciples of Wesley sang there,  
Their hymns of the Spirit serenely I heard.

The saints of old time, like the saints of the new,  
Being men, could not always in all things agree;  
And what to the Shepards and Mathers seemed true  
The Channings and Wares with their eyes cannot see.

And now in my age, as erst in my youth,  
The world keeps in motion above and below:  
New times must bring with them new phases of truth,  
New light from God's Word and God's Spirit will flow.

The Future is veiled antitype of the past:  
In the pews and the pulpit what changes betide!  
Shepard's name, honored still, long his creed will outlast,  
And churches, once severed, will stand side by side.

Let the winds in their circuits change on, as they list,  
And sects, new and old, spring up and pass by:  
Still shines through the creeds the unchangeable Christ,  
As over the clouds the unchangeable sky.

W. N.

*Cambridge.*

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\* The first minister of the "New Brick."

## RESERVED POWER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ship is made not for fair weather, but for the storm. The bridge is built with reference to the heaviest strain that is ever to be put upon it. The two houses, of which our Saviour speaks, as founded, one upon a rock, the other upon the sand, may have appeared externally very much alike. When the skies were fair, and the breezes whispered gently round them, and there was joy and merriment within, both may have seemed equally commodious and secure. But when the rains descended and the floods came and beat against them, one stood unshaken on the rock, the other fell, a great and mournful ruin.

Amid the ordinary pursuits of life, when everything is going on pleasantly, and there is nothing to try us very severely, we seem to ourselves, and perhaps to our friends, as if we were upon the whole very good people. We wonder how it is that others around us should yield so readily to temptation, and think that if we were in their place we should avoid their mistakes, and show ourselves models of virtue. But alas! it may be that our self-reliance is only the security of ignorance, and that we have not fallen like others, only because we have not been tempted like them. It becomes us to consider this, and while at our leisure, by prayerful, watchful, faithful lives, to lay up the reserved power which the day of trial will test, and which, if it fail us then, will leave us in darkness and sorrow.

In our estimate of others we recognize the fact which is taught in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and act upon it. Here is a man honest in his dealings, when the eye of the world is upon him, and there is no particular temptation. But suppose that he could make a great sum by underhanded dealings, which he knows can never be found out! Here is a man who lives quite up to the conventional morality of society, and who would take no advantages not author-

ized by the customs of trade ; but suppose that a case should arise, in which the customs of business, though very advantageous to his pecuniary interests, should bear with cruel and unjust severity on those with whom he is dealing ? Here is a young man living in an atmosphere which encourages and fosters every generous impulse and makes outward correctness and purity almost a necessity. You have perfect faith in him. You are sure that while he is surrounded by such influences, he will be a joy to his friends and the pride and ornament of his associates. But has he a reserved fund of his own, — a reserved force of upright and virtuous principle, a sense of honor and of justice, which will go with him wherever he goes, and save him not only amid favorable influences, but where he is assailed by insidious or sudden temptations ? A very good sort of a man : but how would it be with him amid the perils of a great city, with none but the eye of God to watch or care for him ? Suppose that he should meet young men of agreeable and plausible manners, who would seek gradually to undermine his principles, instill into his mind false sentiments of honor, lead him to think lightly of sacred things, and to condemn as foolish, sentiments of virtue and religion, in which he has been trained at home from his childhood ? There are many persons who stand upright while all around them are so, but who cannot bear the strain that is put upon them when others fall. We depend on one another for our integrity, like the pillars of that fatal building a dozen years ago, in which when one gave way all fell, in a ruin terrible to think of, but not half so mournful as the moral desolation in which the souls of men are sometimes involved, from the want of a reserved power in each one. The sympathetic virtue which draws its life and strength from others, which shows itself in fine impulses and aspirations, but which has no hidden self-sustaining principle of its own to rest upon, in the trying hour, is a dangerous possession. It leads often times into perilous ways, where men far less nobly endowed may walk secure.

It has been said that every man has his price. One, it is said, may be purchased by money, another by flattery, a third



by honor or political position, while others may be lead astray by the blandishments of society, or the enticements and allurements which come to them through the appetites and passions to inflame the imagination and pervert the moral sentiments. The remark thus broadly made is a libel on our race and could have been asserted only by one whose knowledge of human nature had been acquired in the corrupting atmosphere of political life. We know that there are those who have a reserved fund of moral and religious principle, strong beyond all computation. There are some, perhaps we can count them on our fingers, — perhaps there may not be more than four or five whom any one of us has tested thoroughly enough to be absolutely sure in respect to them, — but there are some who we know could not, on any terms, be turned aside from their allegiance to God and the right. Their souls are of such transparent sincerity, their loyalty to God and his truth is so engraved into the organic substance of their being, their faith in Christ and in the great realities of his kingdom is so entirely a living and life-giving power permeating their whole natures, their love, their reverence for what is true and holy is so genuine and so easily keeps every other desire or passion under, that we cannot conceive of them as falling away. They may be mistaken. They may have their weaknesses. But they are always true, they cannot be found off their guard. In a moment, whenever and whatever may be the call, they are ready to follow wherever the Master calls.

There are a few such, I know. Our faith in man — nay, almost, I may say, our faith in God — depends on them. Foremost, — and how far transcending all others, is he whose name is above every name, who, in his spotless integrity, his fulness of love and peace, dwelling in the bosom of the Father, — has shown to us how divine, how more than God-like a perfect man may be. But there are others, who have so partaken of his fulness, and so received his spirit and his life into their souls, that we might as well strive to tear the principle of gravitation out of the planetary system, as to

separate them from the love of Christ, and their fidelity to God. They are prepared for all occasions.

I have seen, beautifully represented in marble, a poor artist at his work, and while he is working on, a hand, unseen by him, is pouring oil into his lamp, to keep it always full. And so it may be with us. If we labor on in our Master's work, if we seek with loving and trusting hearts to do his will, his unseen hand is filling our vessels with oil. He is endowing us with a reserved power to meet the unknown and otherwise overwhelming emergencies which may come upon us. Even while we sleep the lamp burns on, and yet our supplies are undiminished. And though it be at midnight when the cry is made, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," we shall gladly hear his voice and go in with him to the marriage feast.

Shall we not seek and strive so to live? Shall not this reserved power of religious faith be incorporated into our lives, by prayer, by the consecration of ourselves, by faithful and holy living, and so be cherished by us as the only possession that will always stand by us? For this is the only possession that is, always and without alloy, a blessing to him who holds it? Our earthly gifts are blessings only so far as we gain and use them in accordance with this higher principle of faith and life. And when we cherish this faith as the one lamp by which we are to be guided, how does its light shine out into the darkness of this world, to drive away the shadows and the gloom which selfish interests and passions would throw around us! When everything else fails in the hour of temptation, when otherwise there would be no strength in us, and our souls would become a mournful wreck,—how this religious faith, embodied in the heart and life, sustains and directs us! And when all other lamps are gone out, how like a star from heaven does it shine to guide us to our Lord, and light us in with him to the marriage feast!

It is not always those who have seemed to lay up most for themselves, even of the heavenly treasures, that are found most ready in "that hour." They who have really loved and

trusted most, who have given themselves up to their Master's work with the least care or thought for themselves, — they it is in whom the supplies of divine grace and love are most abundant.

Even from the mouth of babes we may learn this lesson. Not in the learned and the great alone, — though among them there have been beautiful examples of the fulness and sufficiency of God's love, — not from the learned and the great alone, but in those who have little of the wisdom or the experience of this world, may we sometimes see the richest manifestations of the faith and love which are stronger than death, which transform death, even when it comes in its most appalling terrors, into a triumph. We have heard their sweet and heavenly tones speaking to us from the smouldering ruins beneath which in some terrible catastrophe so many earthly hopes and lives have been destroyed. Was there not this reserved power of faith and charity in the child who, buried beneath a burning building, would not allow herself to be rescued till another sufferer near her had first been saved, and who was gradually crushed to death while she was thus voluntarily waiting for her turn to come? Were not these angels of Christian love and faith found ministering of their blessed inspiration to another child at the same time, who, when the flames were pressing near and cutting off all hope of escape, took the record of her earnings from her pocket and gave it, scorched by the fire, to be delivered to her parents with her last and loving farewell? "You will be saved, I shall not; carry this to my poor father." Was it not like the midnight song of Paul and Silas in their prison, or rather was it not as when, in the midst of the burning fiery furnace of old, with those who had been cast into its flames there was seen a fourth whose form was like the Son of God, — when from that burning mass of ruins there were heard, clear and musical above the flames, the voice of dying ones, singing, in a sweet hymn of Christian triumph, —

"We're going home to glory!"

O let us cherish that faith, which makes God the constant

witness and partner of our lives, which binds us to him and him to us as the unfailing surety for our final and everlasting success. This allegiance of soul to him, this unquestioning loyalty to what is right, this living and believing in Christ, till his words enter into us as our spirit and life, this inward fountain of divine truth and love flowing in upon us from an eternal and unfailing source, — shall we not cherish it? We need it in our weakness, and sinfulness, in our times of temptation and sorrow, in our times of prosperity and rejoicing; we need it to redeem and strengthen us, to guard and comfort us, to guide and bless us, while we live, and at that hour, which we know not, when the Son of man shall come.

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## ONLY A LEAF.

BY REV. THOS. TIMMINS.

At the present season of the year, as we walk in the evening with a friend or friends, we are sometimes startled by a sound, which, though about as old as the creation and well known to us all, we yet fail to grow accustomed to from its frequent occurrence. In reply to our sudden exclamation of, "What was that!" the answer is often given, "Only a leaf, or a falling leaf." "Only a falling leaf!" The words are spoken as if both the leaf and its falling were but too trifling and insignificant to deserve even mention. And what is there at the present time more seemingly common, and less deserving of attention, than falling leaves? See what myriads are on every side, being detached and borne to the ground by each passing breeze and even gentle zephyr that blows, until mother earth becomes a natural carpet to our

tread. We see them with the eye without appearing to see them; we trample them to nothingness under foot as valueless,—and this without a passing thought more than that which their gentle, crisp, rustling sound creates underneath our feet, or in the air above our heads. What then? have not leaves their uses and importance in the economy of nature? Are they not sent into the world with a leaf mission to fulfill? And have they not grand and inspiring lessons to teach to the sons and daughters of men? Behold them as they fall with a hesitating, fluttering motion, as if anxious and craving from us if but one little passing thought before they reach the earth from which they sprung, and then cease to be! The world is full of the wonderful creations of God's beauty, loveliness, power, and wisdom; and does he not seek to teach us of his high and eternal truths, not only by the great things which he has made, but also by the little things of nature? Yes, bright, gorgeous, gloriously arrayed leaves of the autumn, we will learn from you of Him who made you, and draw from your study and contemplation, and short though rich existence, thoughts and lessons and inspiration which shall quicken and build up our higher and diviner lives into the likeness and holiness of Him who is the altogether beautiful, true, and Eternal One!

I confess that the leaves have been speaking to me, and that I have been learning not a little from them. I have been much struck by their history and mention in connection with the history of the world and the human race in this old, grand, and priceless book, the Bible. Wherever the words "leaf" or "leaves" are used, it is with great and telling effect to point some moral or illustrate some rich and enduring truth.

A leaf! Commonplace and unimportant as we deem the leaf to be, it carried my mind away from the present, with its all-absorbing and rushing stream of life, away over the wide abyss of time, thousands of years, even to that great and awful event in the history of the world and men, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain was upon the

earth forty days and forty nights, until, for the great wickedness of men, every living creature was drowned, save those in the ark, which rode triumphantly upon the bosom of the mighty deeps. And it was after much patient endurance and fear and trembling that Noah, with intense desire to behold the earth and its teeming beauty once more, sent forth a dove on a voyage of discovery. But the dove returned to the ark, wearied with her long and fruitless journey, having found no rest for the sole of her foot. And again Noah sent her forth from the ark, now resting on the summits of the mountains of Ararat. In the evening-tide the dove came into the ark bearing in her mouth an emblem and instance of good tidings, which, without doubt, made their souls turn to God with gratitude and thanksgiving. The leaf so unnoticed by us, the olive-leaf, was the most significant and important thing which the eyes of the ark-dwellers had seen for many days and months. How their eyes must have feasted on that leaf, while their minds exulted in the cheering prospects of the future of which it so eloquently spoke! Reflect upon the beautiful objects soaring beneath the heavens and over the waters,—the dove with the olive-leaf in her mouth,—and of what they both became the happy and expressive symbols in other days. In after times, when the Saviour of the world sent out his disciples to preach the everlasting gospel of peace, he exhorted them to go forth, and be harmless as doves; and even to this very hour the olive-leaf is emblematical of peace, glad news, friendship, and good will to men.

From the ark, the leaf carried away my mind to the wilderness, and to the struggling children of Israel in its bleak, howling, and inhospitable places. And the Israelites knew what it was to hope and to despair, to sin and to suffer, to abound and to be in want. And they were oftentimes tired, wayworn, and weary with the long marches and oppressive journeying; but through it all they were led and strengthened and supported by the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And he told them what great things he had done and would do for them if faithful; but that, if they forgot

him, and persevered in neglecting his counsel and breaking his laws, — reminding them of hard experiences through which they had passed, he said that their strength should depart, and great weakness and faintness should take its place, until their nerves should be so unstrung, and their fear become so great, that they should flee before a shaken *leaf*, and fall and perish as they fled to escape from the sound.

The leaf bore me away to that refreshing, peaceful, and instructive scene of the ancient time, — sterling, upright Job in the midst of prosperity and abundance, with houses, lands, friends, servants, and sons and daughters round about him. But, anon, the sun went behind the cloud, and what a startling contrast! The bleak, bitter winds of adversity concentrated their force on his devoted head. The enemy had been, and robbed and bereft him of property and dear ones, and down in ashes he sat bewailing his hard fate, covered with a loathesome disease from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He tried to reason by sight, and not by faith. He could not understand, nor would he, of God's righteous dealings. Why should he lose all, and suffer, — he who had done good, and not evil, — while the wicked were in prosperity, and rejoicing in the substance they had so cruelly stolen from him? Poor Job! like ourselves he could not see the end from the beginning: he could only judge from the stand-point of time; he lost faith in Him who alone sees and rules from the stand-point of eternity. He would not be satisfied. He reasoned with his friends, and then with God, on the plea of his uprightness; but it would not do. He gave in at last, — as we all must give in, if we are wise, — and from the midst of his humiliation, poverty, sickness, broken-heartedness, and insignificance he turned his face to heaven's eternal King, and made this piteous and soul-beseeching appeal, — "O God, wilt thou break a *leaf* driven to and fro?" God heard his appeal, in that impressive figure of speech, and in the end he was comforted, and again blessed with the full sunshine of peace and prosperity.



To what do you think King David, who loved nature and nature's God, compared a good man? Not to great and grand objects in the world of art, but to a tree beside a river, whose leaf shall not wither nor fade.

Isaiah, that inspired prophet of the Highest, said, that, if men forgot God, the time should come when the heavens should fold together like a scroll, and the stars fall like leaves from vines.

But the leaf led me from Isaiah to that greater than Isaiah, even to God's best and holiest Son, the Saviour of the world. And, in mind, I journeyed with him and the disciples on the road to Bethany, the happy and hospitable home of Martha and Mary and the beloved brother, Lazarus. There is the fig-tree on the wayside, with the leaves in abundance, and it is fig bearing time! But where is the fruit? Alas! it has it not. At the command, it withers and fades away. What a powerful lesson! He that hath eyes to see let him see, and bear in mind the withering fig-tree and its symbol! He that hath ears to hear let him hear those words of warning! Ah! beware of barren fig-trees, with leaves only, as you pass through life. There they are, bright, gay, and beautiful to the sight, foliage in plenty. They are Christians of promise, and not of performance,—they have forms of godliness, but deny the power thereof; while God and the Saviour are looking for deeds, and not words, are asking, not for the letter that killeth, but for manifestations of the spirit which maketh alive. As if to give a grander, more glorious, and holier significance to neglected leaves, our text informs us that the leaves of the Tree of Life, standing beside the river, clear as crystal, flowing out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,—that the leaves on that tree were for the healing of the nations.

Notwithstanding the honored place which the leaf thus holds, many persons cannot look upon the falling leaves without a feeling of depression, distaste, and repugnance. How oftentimes have you not heard such remarks as these? "The falling leaves make me sad;" "they oppress my nature;" "they keep telling the story of decay and death." I

protest against such remarks. It is not doing the leaves justice. Such persons shut their eyes to the lessons which the leaves tell from year to year. They look on the wrong side, and not on the right. For there are two sides to the subject of the leaves. There is the dark side of sadness, despair, decay, and death; and there is the bright side of gladness, hope, light, and life. And it is the bright side to which I have been, and am now, directing your attention.

Behold the woods in their autumnal glory! Is not each tree a marvel of creation, and the whole a scene of enchantment? See what variegated colors, what deep, rich, resplendent hues, what matchless tints! What soul can gaze on such a scene, through the eye, without being moved, inspired, and elevated by such a gorgeous array of loveliness? Listen to what the poet says:—

“There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kissing the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside aweary.”

And now take up a leaf. Examine it well. You never saw one exactly like it before, you never will again. Though there are so many untold millions in the world, no two leaves agree in every minute point. God's universal law is diversity, and unity underlying that diversity. True, leaves of certain trees have many things in common, and are unlike the leaves of other trees, but all leaves agree in receiving the common life, and in doing the general work. Is there not here a lesson for man to learn? I look in your countenances, and, though I behold a general agreement, no two are exactly alike. As with the face, so with the mind. We

all differ, more or less, in temper, disposition, talent, and faith. And should not this at least teach us to bear kindly with each other's failings; to bless, and not to curse; to help, and not to hinder, each other as we go, according to our several forms of grace and doctrine; to reverently ask and receive from God light and life for the upbuilding of our spiritual nature?

Take up the leaf again. See how wonderfully it is constructed. God made man in His own image. Has he not also made the leaf in the image of some heavenly object? How marvelously true are its proportions! How beautiful its curves and delineations! What order and harmony! How symmetrical in all its parts, and how well all its parts agree together and make a perfect whole! God's superscription is on that leaf, though it be only one in the countless myriads! He has penciled and stamped the marks of his wisdom and glory on each little leaf on the tree, as on each world rolling in the infinitude of space. And does he not also care for it, and array it in loveliness, and stamp it with beauty, and hold it safely in the hollow of his hand? What a stern rebuke does the leaf give us while it reads us a rich lesson in these particulars! Where is the harmony, the glorious harmony, that should exist in us? Alas! it has been marred and destroyed by the lust of the eye, the pride of life, the riot of the passions, and the wickedness of the mind, — until it almost seems a mockery to speak of heaven and purity, and God as the Father of these immortal souls. Throughout our entire nature should there not be a fair amount of order, harmony, and peace, and not continual sinning and suffering and endless war?

But to the leaves again. Ah! you say, with clouded countenances and mournful tones, they remind you of old age. Well, what is there wrong, or dishonorable, or to be ashamed of, in simple old age? Is not old age the way of God and nature? I confess I know no more beautiful, convincing, and winning sight, to draw and stimulate men to a good life, than that of old age, rich and sanctified and crowned with virtue. All honor to those who honor old age, and who help and bless

and treat it reverently! I think well of the Athenians of old who, when a young man rose in their great assembly to give place to the aged, tottering form of an old man, they loudly applauded the act of the young man as being a signal act of grace and virtue. I, too, honor and admire the leaf in its old age. Is it not well worthy of it? It is touchingly related, that, when the swan feels her last hour drawing nigh, she soars aloft into the very heavens, and from that high point, fixing her piercing eye on her native grove below, she gradually descends, filling the air with delicious strains, — sweetly singing her very life away, and that her last song is the sweetest and crowning song of her life. Look at the golden grain: how we love to behold it ripe and ready for the sickle and the barn! And it is aptly told of the rose that she never looks so lovely, nor gives so sweet a perfume, as just before her dissolution. So is it with the leaf. It puts on its most gorgeous robe at its last end, and in its old age, as a gracious symbol of what the earthly end of the true Christian should be. The Psalmist prayed, and rightly prayed, that his last end might be his best end. Then, if ever, the Christian should show the abounding fruits of the gospel. He should now be instinct and strong with the pure life, and should now have on and wear the most glorious spiritual dress of his life, with all its enduring virtues and radiant graces of faith, hope, and love. But, alas! with grieved heart and streaming eyes, I behold some persons in old age — it is with reluctance and all the pity of my soul I say it — dressed morally and spiritually very unlike the leaves. Instead of their best, they appear in their worst, or nearly worst, dress, — an ugly, torn, soiled, distorted, repulsive, unglorious garment. Their bodies corrupt their minds and spirits, and their minds defile their bodies. My soul shrinks back appalled that immortal spirits should thus enter the spiritual world. Ah! bear in mind the impressive story which the Saviour of the world told of the man who, though a dress was provided, yet went into the marriage supper of the king without putting on a marriage garment, and of his

fearful fate,—of the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But to the leaves again. They came in the spring, in great helplessness, and required tender treatment; but they went bravely to work. And, week in and week out, they have borne well and patiently the heats and colds and storms of the spring and summer and this rough autumn time. Have they not done their work well? And see how the leaf has thrived, by faithfully obeying the laws of its life, and keeping its pores open to receive the quickening sunshine and the refreshing dews of heaven. No, the leaves have not been idle, but untiring in their labors; and now they show the ripe fruits of labor well done. Ah! there is more in common between the leaves and ourselves than many of us yet understand. Like the leaves, we came into the world weak and helpless, and have had to pass through the heats, colds, and storms of our spring, summer, and autumn lives. But, like the leaves, have we gone on bravely through all, doing our best, and keeping our souls open to receive the sunshine and dew and quickening influences of God's holy spirit in Christ, that we may grow strong and rich in nature and wise unto salvation?

But the leaves are now falling. Truly has the poet said,—

“Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,  
And stars to fade: but all,  
Thou hast all seasons, for thine own, O Death!”

But the poet has only told one-half of the truth of the falling leaves. They fall, but it is that their lives may live, and, please God, arise in other and richer and more beautiful forms. There is nothing lost in God's world,—not even the life of a leaf. The leaf gives its life again to the elements from whence it sprung, that the earth may be fruitful and multiply. Would not the earth become barren without such? To my heart the falling leaves are full of resurrection teachings. They tell the impressive story of the life and immortality

brought to light. Indeed, our bodies follow the leaves, and become a part of mother earth; but as the life of the leaf enters into other forms in new creations, so our immortal souls rise to God, and by the power of God they are arrayed and glorified in their beautiful garments of praise and salvation, that they may be forever with the Lord, in the mansions which the dear Saviour has gone to prepare in the house of God.

But the falling leaves tell another tale. It is that all work and no recreation makes life dull and monotonous, and that such is not the order of Divine Providence. The soul requires a Sabbath,—a time for sweet contemplation, communion, and soothing with the Highest. It wants the spirit of the Eternal to brood over it, that in after work it may aspire and soar to higher points of inspiration, and gain the level of a purer life. The body, too, needs its seasons of rest, its earthly Sabbaths, that its nerves may be calmed, and its powers recruited,—that, having gathered new strength and force, it may enter afresh, and with undaunted vigor, into the battle of life. The falling leaves tell of Nature's Sabbath, and they help to make her couch. Nature has been working hard through the seasons, supplying man and beast with food and gladness, and now, tired and weary with her immense labors, the leaves tell her that her welcome Sabbath is near.

To the leaves once more. As storms tell of the coming calm,—as war, peace, and excitement, tranquillity,—so the falling leaves speak of the sure-returning spring, with its new sunshine and light and life. They die that the earth may live, and that the rejoicing spring may come. The leaves tell us that, as they give their life to the coming year, so should we pour out ours to progress and future growth. And, although the leaf form passes away, its life remains to gladden and do good. Ah! what holy teaching lies here! Is it not that we should live so, daily dying unto sin and aspiring to godliness, that when we, like the oak, throw off our earthly form, we may live in the stream of humanity following us, and there do something, by example and virtue, to

lift it up and purify it, and make it shine and be resplendent with God's enduring glory? To him who passes through the world life-giving to all around, and who counts all things as loss for the excellency of Christ and his knowledge, there is an ever-present joy and a spiritual peace which the world is not able to give nor take away. To such a one life is and must grow more and more beautiful. To him the world around will disclose its loveliness, and Nature will unveil her beautiful face. The earnest of heaven will continually beautify his soul, till, like the leaves in autumn, he stands glorious and bright in his richest dress, waiting to be transplanted to the heavenly home. In the poet's words, —

“Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed and days well spent!  
For him the wind, air, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.”

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It is as little the part of a wise man to reflect much on the nature of beings above him as of beings beneath him. It is immodest to suppose that he can conceive the one, and degrading to suppose that he should be buried with the other. To recognize his everlasting inferiority and his everlasting greatness; to know himself and his place; to be content to submit to God without understanding him; and to rule the lower creation with sympathy and kindness, yet neither sharing the passion of the wild beast, nor imitating the science of the insect, — this you will find is to be modest towards God, gentle to his creatures and wise for himself. — *John Ruskin.*



## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

## VACATIONS.

THE summer vacations are now over. The city schools and churches are filled again. Homes are no longer deserted. The routine of domestic life is taken up again. And everything is going on as if there had been no break or suspension.

These long vacations are new in our experience, and are likely to have an important bearing on our character and habits. It is a great thing to lay down our burden of care and labor, to escape from our ordinary occupations, to go into new places, meet with new people, change our usual diet, our topics of conversation, and habits of living, and enter for the time into an entirely novel experience. It may serve to ventilate our minds, to dethrone for us some of the idols that we have foolishly worshipped, and give a healthful tone and breadth to our thoughts as well as to our bodies. It relieves ladies from the depressing and exhausting cares of house-keeping. It favors new acquaintanceships. It makes us more liberal and catholic. It unites distant communities by new ties of friendly regard. By silken threads of kindly intercourse, it weaves together in one living organization persons who would otherwise be widely separated. Men and women of different political affinities or belonging to different branches of the church or different sections of the country learn, with mutual and pleasant surprise, how much there is to love and respect in those whom they had looked upon with dislike, or with coldness and distrust. Then our minds are refreshed and strengthened by freedom from care and toil. We come back to our work with new zeal and power. We see more clearly, think to more effect, feel more warmly, conceive more vividly, and live with a keener zest of living.

Here are some of the advantages of our long vacations.

They are many and great. But there is another side to the picture, which may show that we are carrying these matters to excess, and that it may be well for us to be upon our guard against threatening evils in the use of what might be a great good.

This breaking up of home life, for two, three or four months in a year, is not without its drawbacks and its perils. If there is anything which has given beauty and attractiveness to our American life, it has been the privacy and purity of our homes. The sacredness of the home circle has been our stronghold. The domesticity, if we may so call it, of our home life has been a grateful security. In the seclusion of our homes and of the quiet neighborhoods which they combine to form even in large cities, the sweetest relations of life are cherished, the delicate, unselfish affections are kept alive. The young grow up true, modest, virtuous. They shrink from what is forth-putting and obtrusive. Family and neighborly ties are strong, Sentiments too delicate to be talked about, and yet in the aggregate more powerful than laws or armies, are sheltered and fostered. What will be the effect of the promiscuous habits of living to be introduced, when the modest, sensitive inmates of these homes are thrown into boarding houses and hotels, to live there without any domestic privacy from two to four months in the year? What will be the influence on the finer sentiments and affections which lend refinement and purity alike to morals and manners? This is a subject for Christian mothers especially to take to heart.

Formerly, families had their relations or personal friends in distant places. At long intervals, visits were interchanged. On very rare occasions, once or twice perhaps in a life-time, a journey to Niagara or the White Mountains or to New Haven or New York or some more distant city, was taken, and this furnished materials for thought and conversation which lasted many years. A visit to Governor Strong in Northampton, to Dr. Dwight at New Haven, to Dr. Nichols in Portland, or to some distinguished friend in New York or Philadelphia, was an event to be celebrated by a life-long re-

membrance. And it had a salutary influence on the mind and character. But the indiscriminate journeyings of our day, repeated every year and intruding seriously on the time formerly given to domestic duties and mental improvement, are very different things, and it becomes thoughtful persons to consider what their tendency is and how they may be turned to the best account. They are not unmitigated evils. We do not think that they need to be evils at all. In our intensely sober life, we need seasons of entire relaxation and amusement. The problem is how to have the relaxation and amusement without the frivolity and habits of dissipation that so often attend them.

Our impression is that we are now going to extremes, — that we break up our homes and leave them behind more than is good for our comfort, our happiness, or our mental and moral improvement. Many families, who except in two or three of the hottest days would be comfortable and healthy at home, live in crowded boarding houses without comfort, in closely compacted, poorly ventilated rooms, with food and drink which are anything but healthful. Admitting, as we certainly do, that some kind of a change is good, we still think that we are in the way of having too much of a change or a change of the wrong sort.

The influence of this new state of things on our churches is very marked, and not altogether of a favorable character. Practically, our city congregations are in full working order less than eight months in the year. The old stability of parishioners is yielding to the migratory habits of the day. Loyalty to one's church is becoming every year a rarer virtue. Of course, the minister's connection with his people is seriously affected by the change. The good of it is that he is obliged to improve his lessened opportunities of acting upon them by increased zeal and earnestness, by fresher and maturer thoughts, by more effective measures in the Sunday School and Lecture Room.

Even during the summer vacation something may be done by those who have the heart and strength for it. We take from "The Liberal Christian" the following account of an

experiment of Robert Collyer's, in Chicago, as given by himself in the following article, entitled, "A Home-Made Vacation :"—

"When the question came up this year of a vacation it was unanimously voted to stay at home and hold a service in the church from eleven to twelve on Sunday morning, with a sort of dog-day sermon to which those might come who felt inclined.

"The minister thought that a vacation from hearing may now and then be as good for the pews, as a vacation from preaching is for the pulpit; and then somebody told a story about an eminent preacher of our order, who was asked once whether he did not sometimes think of retiring from the ministry, and he answered, 'Yes, but I don't like to do it, because I should have to go to church.'

"And so for two months we have had our sixty minute service exactly on time except one Sunday, that was the Sunday after the minister had scolded the people about coming late to church, and driven home the inference that he was never late himself. He has a very good Waltham watch, on which he sets great store, but somehow that week it turned traitor and lost twenty minutes. He went into his pulpit about five minutes before eleven by the watch, surprised and delighted to see that the people had taken his exhortation to heart; they were all in their places and greeted him as he sat down with a ripple of smiles, and he said to himself, 'That is very good; scolding is of some use after all;' but after service, Brother Thompson, who can say with David, the 'zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,' walked up to the minister like a fate and said, 'Do you know you were twenty minutes late this morning yourself?' and then he knew for the first time why the people greeted him so pleasantly.

"We never held vacation services in our church before, and some of us were a little dubious about the venture. Our side of the city is full of waste places still, but we concluded to try and see what would come of it. The result has surpassed all our expectations. Our lecture-room has been filled as it was never filled before at ordinary times; the majority of the people were strangers, bright, eager people, who joined heartily in the singing, and held on to the sermon from the first word to the last, either because they heard something new, or thought they might before the minister got through. Your correspondent has gone in his day to a great many

churches, and noticed always one thing, that the regular attendants look as if they were used to it. He sat once with a deacon in Mr. Beecher's church. The good man had a fine little sleep, though the stranger was stormed by the power of the preacher.

"There is no help for this, and I suppose preachers ought not to fret about it; but to get a crowd of new people to watch their faces as the word is spoken, and reap the blessing of their fresh, eager interest, is to enjoy vacation in your own pulpit and your own church. Ministers must rest sometimes from preaching, and members from hearing, but I have wondered when I saw these strangers sitting about our pulpit, earnest, religious people from other places, whether it might not be a good thing for our ministers to take a part of their vacation, at least, when their own people are at home and seize this opportunity of ministering the word of life to great numbers who do not feel like leaving their own churches to hear us, but will rush to hear us gladly, when their churches are closed or their pulpits supplied with a stick.

"There is this advantage, at any rate, in our own city, it is one of the coolest and pleasantest places to be found. The cool breezes blow through your bedroom all night long, when your house stands right to catch them, and there is seldom a day in which you cannot find some shady nook where you can sit and read with great comfort. This has been especially the case this summer, the coolest and sweetest I ever remember in Chicago. Then Lincoln Park, which skirts the lake from the entrance to the exit, and is full of bosky places where 'there is much grass,' has been about as lovely a retreat as a man can find, away from the hills."

#### THE NEW YORK PANIC.

The great event of the month financially has been the failure of several leading banking houses in New York, and the panic consequent upon it. In the excitement of the hour, the ruin that was staring great bankers and brokers in the face seemed to be of such imperative and national importance as to justify the interference of the national government in their behalf. Backed by the authority of a distinguished constitutional lawyer, they ventured to urge upon the President of the United States that the gravity of the occasion was such as to justify him in coming to their relief, even by

a disregard of the laws which he is bound to enforce. This he very wisely declined to do. Mercantile or banking firms which have made and lost millions of dollars by their speculations have no claims upon the government for its intervention in their behalf when suffering the consequences of their own acts. Mistakes must be left to correct themselves, and they who make the mistakes are the ones who ought to suffer for them.

The great danger, morally as well as financially, among us arises from the disposition to press forward faster than the growth of the country demands. Business men are tempted to engage in enterprises which are altogether beyond their means. Great success in a single undertaking emboldens them to overlook difficulties and to despise the wholesome rules by which means are to be adapted to ends. They incur responsibilities which can be met only under the most favorable combination of circumstances. And when the crash comes, as soones or later it must come to men who take such hazards, it of course involves them in financial ruin. And however much we may feel for individuals, the effect of such failures upon the community is salutary. Aside from the justice of the thing, it allays, for a little while, the feverish rush into wild speculation, and reduces business enterprise to its more legitimate and reasonable operations.

The sad thing that follows these crises is not the ruin of the great Houses, but the distress which falls upon thousands of persons in moderate circumstances, who have been led by their confidence in these great Houses to invest their small means of support in unsound or worthless securities. Probably at this time a hundred millions of railroad bonds, which have been thus recommended and taken, have ceased to pay their interest. Thousands of families who were comfortably off before are in poverty now, and, through all the coming years of their earthly pilgrimage, aged men and women who have been thus deceived or misled will have to struggle with extreme want and its attendant miseries. We may be sorry that Mr. Jay Cooke has to give up his marble palace and his

extended charities ; but our deepest grief and sympathy are with the many thousands of now destitute persons who by his advertisements were induced to invest the savings of a life-time, all the living that they had, in the worthless securities of the Northern Pacific Railroad. That is where the heaviest blow in this great calamity is falling, and where it must continue to be felt in many a straitened and impoverished home for many a weary and saddened year. If the interference of the government could reach these hundreds of thousands of cases of suffering, it would be well. But that a few great Houses, whose business has been out of all proportion to their resources, shall fail, in the wide-spread ruin which their recklessness has caused to others, and which their prosperity could not avert, is but a just visitation and retribution upon themselves.

The colossal fortunes which we have seen growing up in a few years by irregular and extraordinary practices have demoralized us all more or less. We must learn to be satisfied with moderate gains. Even the ministerial profession has not been blameless in this matter.

#### REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

We copied last month an entire chapter from what we supposed to be an orthodox work called "Christianity the Science of Manhood." We read the small volume through, and thought it to be a remarkably clear, compact, and satisfactory statement. We had never heard of the author before, and rejoiced to find that such a light was to be found among our orthodox brethren in Missouri. Since then we learn that Mr. Savage has recently declined several calls from orthodox societies, and accepted a call to become the pastor of the Third Unitarian Society in Chicago. These facts show how our denominational lines are running into one another, and that oftentimes it is not so much difference of character or opinion as difference of name that separates us from one another. The ease with which some of our brethren pass from one denomination to another without any



decisive change of opinion shows that, in many cases at least, the dividing line is more an imaginary than a real one.

In the letter which Mr. Savage has written to his friends assigning his reasons for the course which he has adopted, he has no word of reproach to utter against them or their opinions. It is not on account of the doctrinal views of the Unitarians that he seeks their fellowship, but on account of the larger liberty which he hopes to find among them.

We subjoin the closing paragraphs of his letter which we find in "The Christian Register:" —

"As to my present standing, I am more a *Christian than ever*. I feel that I have more Gospel to preach than ever. It is inwoven with my deepest convictions, and is become a part of my life, and just because of this *I must be free to preach it*.

"The present age is one of the historical crises of Christianity. Never were so many doubting it and throwing it aside as now, and I am firmly persuaded that the cause of the prevailing skepticism is to be found *very largely* in the attitude and action of the church itself. Those causes I believe to be such as these: —

"I. The churches place *opinion* above *character*, and make men feel that *belief* is more important than *purity, truth, and righteousness*.

"I hold that no belief or opinion is of any value except as to results in character.

"II. The churches have substituted the accidents and accretions of Christianity in the place of Christianity itself; and made men feel that, in order to become Christians, they must necessarily accept a host of things that are no *real* part of Christianity at all, but, on the other hand, are unreasonable and unjust.

"I hold that he will do this age the most signal service who is able to strip Christianity of all that is accidental and false, and hold it up, just as it is, to the eyes and hearts of men.

"III. The churches teach men that it is dangerous to look into the credibility of Christianity; and this very teaching makes them suspicious. They reason — and I believe them right — that if there is no proof of it that will bear examination it is foolish to believe it; and that, if it will bear examination, only confirmed belief will result from looking into its affairs.

"I hold that the partridge method of defense — annihilating

enemies by sticking the head under a leaf—is now obsolete. If Christianity cannot bear daylight, and live in virtue of its own vital power over man, then it ought not to live. If it can, the tremors of timorous defenders, the bigoted suspicions of question, the acrid enmity of unbrotherly championships, are utterly uncalled for and unchristian. Bitter personalities, hatreds, slanders, sharp-tongued aspersions, ought not to be needed,—as they have been used in Hannibal,—in defense of a religion that is not open to honest question, and whose centre principle is a self-devoting love.

“I believe that he but poorly reads the signs of the times, and is a poor friend of Christianity, who denies the right to question it, or who shrinks from investigation.

“Slowly, painfully, and with many a heart-ache and struggle, I have come to a discovery of the fact that no such open, honest ground can be occupied within the enclosures of ‘orthodoxy.’ Those who have assumed the special championship of God’s truth seem to think it best defended by darkness and silence. I must, therefore, go where I can be permitted to do the work I am able, for what I am persuaded is truth.

“With a sad earnestness I go, but without fear. Since David felt the truth that God was not limited by any metes or bounds, there is no room of the Father’s house where any one need to be without him, or feel that he is alone. Thankful that not deacons nor elders, but God alone is to be my judge, I fearlessly commit my way unto Him. Those who will be my enemies now, because they misconceive me, I most confidently expect to clasp hands with, as friends, when we both awake in the light of the country where shadows and half-truths and misconceptions are fled away. I hold no personal enmities and shall be friendly toward all, whether they will let me or not.

“And now only one word. My new home shall always be open and hospitable to you all. Such as you have known me, I shall continue to be ; only that I hope to climb. You have, each and all, herewith my personal hand-shake and hearty good-by ; and you have also my most cordial assurance that I shall always be glad to see you, for I shall always bear and keep you in my heart.”

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“It is appointed for all men to enjoy, but for few to achieve.”

## RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

## THE ENGLISH UNITARIANS.

THE skeleton of a speech which I made at the reception given by the generous-hearted Unitarians of England has been copied, in this Magazine and elsewhere. The report does not profess to be full, and gives about half of what I said. But it gives some things which I did not say. I did not express amazement that Dr. Channing "did not believe in a creed." I expressed surprise that any one should *suppose* he did not so believe, — quoting his article on creeds, — which is a repudiation of all *human* creeds, because they came between him and Jesus Christ, in whom "the fullness of divinity dwells." He rejected all human *interpretations*, I said, that this Divine Creed might be received all the more in its fullness and perfection. And this, I said, was the creed of our National Conference, affirmed and re-affirmed. I said that Liberal Christianity was now passing among us into its third and most auspicious stage of existence; that it was melting through denominational lines, and making them wavy and indistinct; and that in this third stage we Unitarians, if faithful to our creed, should not be a small body in advance of other demoniations, but form with them one army of the living God to wage war, not against each other, but against the sin and unbelief in the world. As evidence of this I named three signs of the times, — that in some large and influential orthodox churches, Tripersonalism had fallen out from the creeds; that the orthodox periodicals which speak to the millions, and have the largest circulation, are those most liberal in spirit, showing that men can be Christian without ceasing to be liberal, and liberal without ceasing to be Christian; and that higher and more cheering views of death and immortality were prevailing, and that a remarkable change in this respect had been going on during the last thirty years. On this head I quoted Dr. Dewey as authority. I disclaimed that this was all owing to Unitarian influence, or to our controversies, but said that it was the new age melting through us all, and bringing all the churches nearer together. I closed with expressing the hope and aspiration that the Unitarians of the old world and the new might be drawn into closer

communion and fellowship by being gathered more closely around the Christ himself, so as to realize his promise of that sublimest of all Unitarianism, — "I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." I did not say anything about writing and sending it to the "judges," whoever they may be, nor speak of a new "outlet" for the subject of immortality, nor of the preamble of our "consecration," nor use several other phrases which the reporter puts in. If "The Christian Leader" is disposed to criticise the speech, would it not be well to have the speech itself, instead of the skeleton and the additions? Dr. Sadler is reported verbatim, from his own copy we presume.

I would add, that the heartiness of the fellowship of the English Unitarians, and the earnest devotion in the congregations, must impress every one who goes among them. They have the same division of right and left wing which we have, but the Christian element among them is fervent and active. They cannot hope to make conquest across the impassive barriers of the Established Church, but Christianity, through the influent spirit of the Lord himself, is liberalizing that church from within, and cannot fail at length to make its rituals flexible to its power. The line of division in England, as here, must finally be between the advocates of a positive Christianity, on the solid foundation of its authoritative records, and the new infidelity, which loses its grasp on the doctrines which hold man to personal relations with his Creator and the faith of a personal immortality. To doubt which of these two will prevail would be to ignore the deepest wants and intuitions of human nature itself.

WALKING THROUGH WESTMINSTER ABBEY, I found myself treading on "ADDISON" in gilt letters. It is in the apartment of the chapel of Henry VII. which contains the tomb of Elizabeth. I paused with a deeper reverence than I could possibly feel before the tombs of royal greatness, and sat down and copied these lines, — very touching because so tender and true: —

"Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;  
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed  
A purer spirit or more welcome shade.  
Oh, gone forever, take this long adieu,  
And sleep in peace by thy loved Montague."

## THRENODY.

"We would not call thee back," — so let them say ;  
What the lips speak the bleeding heart denies ;  
My voice, dear friend, should call thee back to-day,  
Could it but reach thy dwelling in the skies !

For we have need of thee : thy radiant smile  
Lay like a sunbeam on this scene of care,  
And weary burdens at thy touch erewhile  
Were changed to burdens light as summer air.

Thy pupils need thee ; for thy careful hand  
Removed the thorns, and scattered fragrant flowers ;  
And their young minds, beneath thy clear command,  
Woke into conscious life their noblest powers.

Thou needest us, Louise ! In pathways bright  
Far, far away from us, thy feet have roved ;  
But thy new friends, among the sons of light,  
Can never love thee more than we have loved.

Soul to its place, dust to its kindred dust !  
Such is the law, and we will not complain.  
But ever clear of time's corroding rust,  
Thy love we cherish till we meet again.

E. H. S.

OCTOBER is the month of all the year for enjoying the glories of this world. Farewell to the languors which come from hot breezes and scalding suns and debilitating airs, and welcome the clear and bracing ethers that sparkle through the brain and oxygenize all the currents of the body and mind ! And then what a gorgeous beauty is flung over the woods and the fields ! October is the Rubens of Nature, for its pictures stand out bold and strong as in flame colors. You who have retreated into the city do not see nature in her most magnificent attire. Talk of "the melancholy days," and "meadows brown and sere," and the "sadness of decay !" The melancholy days are those in which men and women are lolling and drooping about, seeking for a cool spot and finding none. And "decay," so far from putting on the sadness of

death, shows what death is in the healthful processes of nature, — a change from one shade of glory to another, the last changes putting on the richest hues. So all death would be as God ordained it and intended it, — not a somber change, but a transfiguration. Welcome the month, then, which gives us not only nature in its brilliancy, but gives us hours for clearest thought and wings to our drooping fancies!

PROF. C. C. EVERETT'S VIEW OF THE LOGOS, in connection with its incarnation in Christ, strikes us as exceedingly original, and among the curiosities of theological literature. It is thus expressed: —

"It is in the universe itself that the Divine Logos has taken form. This is the real hypostasis which has been from everlasting. . . . It surely was not the intelligent force immanent in nature, to which matter itself is by the last analysis reduced, which guides and impels the planets on their course *which is their very substance*; it cannot be this in its absoluteness that was incarnated in Jesus. The universe still stood in magnificent completeness when Jesus trod the earth. The stars of heaven still kept on their sublime way and looked coldly down upon his midnight watches. He had not absorbed them into himself. The Logos which was their very being was not wholly in him." ("Old and New," November, 1872.)

That is to say, the Logos absolutely could not be in Christ, because that would make him physically so enormously large. The physical universe is the very substance, the very hypostasis of the Logos. To suppose it absolutely in Christ would be to say that the sun, moon, and stars, yea, the whole material universe, had been taken up in him. Then there would have been no stars to look down upon him, no earth for him to tread on, yea, no other human bodies beside his own. Let our orthodox neighbors take note of this argument. It comes from the author of "The Science of Thought," and so far as we know is perfectly original. It certainly shows thought in marvellous feats of dexterity.

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THE effect upon your temper, intellect and conduct during the day, of your going to chapel with or without belief in the efficacy of prayer is just as much a subject of definite science as the effect of your breakfast on the coats of your stomach. — *The Eagle's Nest*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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AFTERMATH. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

To those of us who remember the beginning of Mr. Longfellow's career as a poet, there is something sad in the title of this volume. No poet, during a prosperous life-time, has ever found so warm a welcome in so many homes. He has always been the poet of the young, and the influence which he has had upon them has always been on the side of what is generous, humane and lofty. He has never yielded to the materialistic tendencies of the day, or sought to increase his popularity by silence or subserviency in the great and trying issues of the hour. His notes rang out clear and strong for liberty when such a course was not without peril to his reputation. His muse has helped to awaken pure desires, to make virtue more lovely, to fill our homes with more delicate and unselfish affections, to throw the halo of a diviner love around our commonplace duties, to enrich life with truer ideals, and to enhance our pleasures by the infusion into it of a more tender and gracious spirit.

This volume harmonizes with what has gone before. The highest point, we think, which the poet has ever reached, was in the "Divine Tragedy." The strain here offered is in a different mood. The friends meet again at the Wayside Inn. A feeling as of the approaching autumn pervades their minds. The stories, whether humorous, or bold, or sad, are all marked by the same spirit. The autumnal hues, which even in their brilliancy tell of the summer ended, are thrown over all. There is a sweetness, a charm, a moral purity and elevation. We linger at the door, hear the soft and tender farewell, and go away, hoping that this is not to be taken as a fact, but only as a poet's fancy. We are glad to carry the volume with us into our autumn retreat.

THOREAU: THE POET-NATURALIST. With memorial verses. By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

To those who love the quaint and singular genius here depicted, this must be an attractive book. The biographer is hardly less



original in his mode of treatment than his subject was in his mode of living. The book is made up very much of extracts from Thoreau's writings. It gives a vivid and, we doubt not, a true picture of his mind and character, which were marked by the inconsistencies which belong to a person who is at the same time singularly genuine and singularly affected. Thoreau's appreciation of nature, his insight into objects which others pass by as insignificant, his grand audacity, as, for example, in claiming immortality for a noble pine, are very charming and full of life. None but a man of fine and delicate genius could write a passage like this: "I perceive in the Norway cinque-foil now nearly out of blossom, that the alternate six leaves of the calyx are closing over the seeds to protect them. This evidence of forethought, this simple 'reflection' in a double sense of the term, in this flower is affecting to me, as if it said to me, 'Not even when I have blossomed and lost my painted petals, and am preparing to die down to its root, do I forget to fall with my arms around my babe, faithful to the last, that the infant may be found preserved in the arms of the frozen mother.' There is one door closed of the closing year. I am not ashamed to be contemporary with the cinque-foil. May I perform my part as well."

The portrait interests us. It is given to the life. We are glad to make the acquaintance. But what we read causes us to feel that we would rather become acquainted with the poet-naturalist through a book like this than in actual life.

CEREMONIES ON COMMEMORATION DAY, in Canton and Sharon, May, 30, 1873, under the auspices of the Revere Encampment.

The services here recorded must have been of unusual interest. The Address by J. Mason Everett is excellent and well fitted to perpetuate the impressions and the lesson which belong to this occasion.

We received, too late for notice in this number of our Magazine, A MANUAL OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, designed for Colleges and High-Schools, By Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D. (New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.)